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THE CRESSET

IN THE MARCH CRESSET:

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Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

German Lower-Case G

OUR juniorest editor has the Milton Cross recording of "The Gingerbread Boy," a jolly little thing that includes the lines

The king stepped out upon the floor,
Said, "What are you laughing for?"
No one knew the answer, so
They all laughed some more.

We submit these lines as our comment upon Prof. Einstein's newest theory and public reaction to it. We know a man who can decode the cabalistic writing of the theory (all except the significance of the German lower-case g) but having deciphered it he can't tell us much about what it means. What we fear it means is that the professor has touched a match to another string of firecrackers, just as he did when he worked out the theory of relativity. Where it will all end—in a bomb, or a new concept of space, or just another formula to be memorized by students in Mathematics 51—we have no way of knowing. We do know that, although we have long ago learned to smile indulgently at the ravings of a Vishinsky or the struttings of a Franco, we still get the shivers whenever some scientist begins droning out a new formula. We're as close to the jolly old precipice as we care to get and we don't like lower-case g's poking us in the back.

The Warbucks System

AS LONG as everybody is talking about the welfare state, we might as well chip in with our two cents' worth and explain how

things are in a good, oldtime, unregulated economy where one can still Rise by his own Initiative and where Folks are not bothered by Crackpot Schemes for Social Betterment.

Our heroine is a waif named Little Orphan Annie, a precocious child of about twelve come next grass. She has a father, or a guardian, or something named Daddy Warbucks, an enlightened capitalist of the old school who is worth somewhere around a billion dollars, give or take a dollar, and who wears a diamond stickpin the size of a codfish ball. This Warbucks is a rather footloose character who, on his rare returns home, lectures little Annie on Thrift and Independence and Paddling One's Own Canoe.

Evidently he believes his own preaching, too, because he has certainly done a nice job of letting little Annie paddle her own canoe. In fact, the poor girl has been in more perils than the famed Pauline and has bunked down in more and poorer places than old Jeff Davis, the king of the hoboes, himself. As far as we can tell, she has had little or no schooling except in the school of hard knocks and little real companionship except such as is provided by a mongrel dog whose conversation is limited to a rather frequent "Arf! Arf!" . . . and an occasional "Woof!"

This Annie, incidentally, appears regularly in the comic section of a Chicago newspaper which is published by a Col. Robert Rutherford McCormick who has been a prisoner in his own palace since the revolution of March, 1933. Presumably, the colonel does not disapprove of Daddy Warbucks or of his brand of free-enterprise capitalism, or at least he does not disapprove of it as violently as he disapproves of various measures which have been proposed in the present Congress and form parts of the so-called welfare program.

Our own feeling is that there is, somewhere, a happy medium between the windy old billionaire who lets his little girl ride the rods from place to place and the misty-eyed do-gooder who dreams of making life a game which no one can lose. Of the welfare legislation which has so far been introduced, we disapprove of only one bill, the aid-to-education bill, and we have strong misgivings about the socialized medicine bill. We disapprove of the first because it involves the government in a potential thought-control situation and we doubt the wisdom of the second because we don't think it will work. The rest of the proposed legislation involves nothing more frightening than setting up safeguards to prevent the strong from liquidating the weak.

Open Letter

THE season of church conventions will shortly be upon us and we take this opportunity to address an open letter to the delegates who will meet to order the affairs of the various Protestant bodies.

Gentlemen and Brethren:

In the months to come, you will be bombarded from every side by memorials, resolutions, memoranda, prescriptions, and proposals—all well-intended and all rooted in the conviction that Protestantism can and will recover from the pernicious anemia from which it is presently suffering. We have nothing to add to this flood of advice other than our prayer for divine guidance in your deliberations and our hope that you will remember those of us who, although we have no part in your deliberations, are vitally concerned in what you do.

We sit in your pews on Sundays and now and then we realize, with a surprised awe, that we are actually in the presence of the Living God. And then we realize, as we usually do not, that although the church to which we belong is a corporate institution differing little in form from any other human institution it is also, above and beyond that, a part of The Church. And it is in such moments that our church becomes very dear to us. For, working through and sometimes in spite of our congregation and our denomination, the Church lays its hands upon us and incorporates us into itself.

We know that there are differences among you, within denominations and between denominations—differences which are matters of conscience and which cannot be resolved by mere compromise. We do not ask you to overlook or play down those differences. But we hope that you will find time, in your deliberations, to explore those areas of agreement which exist within Protestantism and within individual denominations. And we hope that as you re-examine those areas of agreement, you may become aware of a fellowship which transcends denominational and factional lines, without eliminating them, and that you may be motivated to turn some of the energies which are now directed against each other against the enemies of The Church.

We sat for several hours a few nights ago with a lay friend of ours, discussing the currents and counter-currents within our denomination. He was quite interested in how Dr. W had answered Professor X's attack upon Professor Y's interpretation of Dr. Z's theses but when it was all over he asked a question which we pass

on to you, gentlemen and brethren: "Is anybody converting any heathen nowadays?" That, it seems to us, is the basic question. We hope that you will not become so engrossed in buttressing the theological walls around our denominations that you neglect the great commission to go out and bring in those who have no spiritual home.

The Great Kantor

CHILDHOOD impressions die hard, and some of them persist long after the mature intelligence has attempted to root them out. For us, the word "heaven," for instance, has always flashed a mental picture of the public library in Columbus, Indiana, with a choir of rosy-faced, blonde angels assembled in front of the north windows of the reading room and singing "Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring." Heaven, of course, is no such thing and we reject the picture as soon as it enters our mind. And yet we cannot keep it from appearing.

We do not think it is an accident, though, that we associate the music of Johann Sebastian Bach with heaven. Certainly by comparison with the perfect harmonies of the angel choir, even Bach must seem a weird cacophony of noise and disharmony. But to us, and to many others during these past 200 years or so, the music of the great *Kantor* has been the nearest approximation to celestial harmony that we expect to encounter this side of the grave. And so, when we celebrated the bicentenary of his death last week, we not only honored the memory of a towering figure in music but we thought gratefully of a man who has, in a very immediate way, enriched our own life.

We shall leave it to the professionals to appraise Bach's music from the standpoint of technique and significance. One need know nothing about the techniques of music to feel the tremendous impact of his music upon the heart and the soul. For Bach's music is more than form and sound. There is the power of a robust, hairy-chested religion in it—a religion that expresses itself in great happiness, great penitence, great longing, and great courage. And one reason why we hear so little good Bach performed nowadays is that one must have a considerable amount of Bach's faith in order to interpret his music adequately.

Support

ANY issue that is important enough to arouse the editorial ire of the normally genial *New Yorker* is important enough to

claim our attention, too. And on the issue of grinding music and commercials into the ears of the patrons of railroad stations, we are right with the *New Yorker.* Let the big-time intellectuals worry about limitations on the logicality of extension as applied to Communist intrigue. We have, in this commercialized noise business, a clear-cut intrusion upon an ancient right and we want to see the thing nipped in the bud.

This assault upon the privacy of the individual person seems to have started, fittingly enough, in Washington when the public busses installed sound systems that poured supposedly pleasant music into the ears of the patrons. Now Grand Central Station in New York has taken up the canned music with commercials. What comes next only heaven and the hucksters know, but we are against it.

It is about time that we recaptured our lost individualities. Over the years, in a thousand subtle ways, people have been taking us over. First there were the radio announcers who addressed us all as "friends" and assumed a relationship that they had no right to assume. Then there were the billboard people who limited our right to see. Came Social Security and forced some of us to save money. And these are only three examples. The full list would fill this magazine. The effect of all of these things, whether in their purpose they were selfish or altruistic, was to reduce the individual to a piece of the mass, to make human beings interchangeable parts of a drab, homogenous society.

In the case of this canned music deal, we would be against it even if its operators employed Toscanini and the NBC Symphony to play the world's greatest music around the clock. We claim the right not to listen to hit parade tunes and we would defend with equal vigor the right of another man not to listen to the overture to *The Magic Flute.* Mark Antony was right. The ears belong to the people who wear them and anybody else who wishes to make use of them must first ask for the loan of them.

What About Euthanasia?

THE case of Dr. Hermann N. Sander, the New Hampshire surgeon who injected ten cubic centimeters of air four times in succession into the veins of an incurable cancer patient, brings up again the extremely difficult and involved question of the moral justifications for "mercy killing."

Advocates of euthanasia have said that one should be willing to do for an incurably suffering

fellow man what any decent person would do for a horse with a broken leg or a mad dog. The bug in that argument is, of course, that while man stands in a vertical relation to the beast, he stands in a horizontal relation to his fellow men. Man has delegated power over the lives of the beasts. No such power has been delegated to him over the lives of other human beings.

In the specific case of Dr. Sander, it would be extremely hard for us to come to a decision if we were sitting in the jury box trying his case. Certainly his motives were not criminal. The effect of his act upon the patient and upon her survivors seemingly was not injurious because the patient's death was just a matter of hours or days anyway. Many a traffic offense has had more harmful results than the doctor's "murder."

And yet there is more than an isolated act at stake here. The question that will have to be answered is not merely whether in this particular instance the act was justified by the circumstances. The basic question is whether, under any circumstances, a human being is entitled, on his own initiative, to deprive another human being of life. Try as we may to find some technicality under which we might make an exception in the case of Dr. Sander, we can find no answer to that question except "No." Even the term "mercy killing" lacks any real moral force because it implies that there are occasions when, in killing, man exercises a mercy which the Lord of Life has been unable or unwilling to exercise. Such an implication is, of course, preposterous.

Perhaps the most significant truth that emerges from this unhappy story is that there are times when even the highest morality of good men like Dr. Sander comes into conflict with the Divine Law and that, on such occasions, man's morality must yield. It is, of course, a very painful thing to have to pass judgment on a man who acts from noble motives but when that becomes necessary it must be done.

The Pilgrim, when last reported, was visiting our friendly neighbors in Texas. He will resume his column upon his return to this country, next month.

In Quest of a Faith

By Osborn T. Smallwood
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John Ruskin's parents wanted their son to become an Anglican clergyman. It was only because he was unable to convince himself that this was his calling that he did not accede to their desire and enter the priesthood of the Established Church. This refusal to enter the ministry, however, did not prevent him from preaching; it simply gave him the complete intellectual freedom which his personality demanded. Like Carlyle and Matthew Arnold, he preached without having to be concerned about ecclesiastical superiors. In his early religious training his parents included daily study of the Bible with the result that he developed an interest in theological matters that remained throughout his life. Not only did he freely express his own personal religious convictions, but he also took an ardent interest in the religious controversies and movements in the Christian world of nineteenth-century England. The beliefs, practices, problems, and conflicts of the Christian denominations of his day markedly influenced his literary productions.

In analyzing Ruskin's treatment of the theological tenets and practices of Victorian Christian denominations, it is necessary to distinguish three periods: (1) the period prior to 1858; (2) the period covering the years 1858 to about 1874; and (3) the period following 1874. This distinction is significant because Ruskin's own personal religious beliefs underwent changes from one period to another with concomitant effects upon his attitude toward the theological principles held by the various religious groups discussed in his writings. In setting these borderline dates, allowance, of course, must be made for periods of transition, as Ruskin's religious ideals did not change suddenly.

Orthodox Beginnings

During the twenty years prior to 1858, Ruskin's personal Christian faith underwent serious changes. The first two volumes of *Modern Painters,* written prior to 1846, revealed the very conservative, orthodox faith of his Evangelical parents. Herein were included the belief in the Bible as the revealed Word of God, the advocacy of a dogmatic Christianity drawn from the Bible, and the acceptance of the doctrine of justification by faith. It is important to note that Ruskin held these beliefs by inheritance more than by personal conviction. His letters reveal that during the early forties, he began to examine these beliefs for the purpose of arriving at a Christian faith which would be his own as a result of personal investigation and meditation. He arrived at it during the latter half of the forties. The Bible as God's Word was still a part of his creed, but dogmatism and justification by faith alone were no longer accepted by him. The substance of his Christian faith during this period was morality coupled with the belief in the divinity of Christ. The doctrine of the atonement, as set forth by the writers of the New Testament and on which the doctrine of justification is based, was conspicuously missing. By the late fifties, partly as a result of his scientific studies, but chiefly as a result of his observation of the hypocrisy in the Christian world together with his philosophical meditations, he finally lost completely his faith in Christianity. He attributed the final step to a Protestant service which he attended in 1858, while visiting in Turin, Italy. For the next sixteen years Protestantism was not acceptable to him, and his prejudices against Roman Catholicism were still too strong to permit his acceptance of that faith. Instead, he accepted what he called the "religion of humanity," which included morality and the belief in God. Strangely enough, he never attacked the doctrine of the Trinity during this period, and, therefore, in some inexplicable manner, he may conceivably have maintained his belief in the Trinity, although during the period his belief in immortality completely deserted him. The Bible was no longer the Word of God to him, and a general atmosphere of skepticism and doubt pervaded his religious thinking. He emerged from this experience with skepticism around the mid-seventies with a mutilated Christian faith which accepted the divinity of Christ and the Incarnation, but which did not include belief in the Atonement and which was dangerously uncertain about the reality of the future life. This

individualized Christian faith was general enough to make it possible for Ruskin to be at one with any denomination which accepted the divinity of Christ and taught men to live moral lives. The Christ who sacrificed Himself for the sins of the world and who assured those who believed on Him that they would one day be with Him in the mansions of His Father's house—that Christ seemed to remain just beyond the periphery of Ruskin's faith after his years of skepticism.

Critic from Within

From the shifting vantage point of his own Christian faith Ruskin surveyed the Christian churches of England. In general, his attitude toward the various segments of organized Christianity tended to change as his own religious ideals changed. He grew up under the influence of the Anglican Church and never affiliated himself with any other denomination during his lifetime; however, he did not hesitate to criticize any beliefs or practices of the church or of any parties within the church when these did not meet with his approval. He was a student at Oxford during the early years of the Oxford Movement and was antagonistic to the movement because he felt that its leaders were seeking to lead the English people away from their Anglican traditions, an attitude which was strengthened as the Roman Catholic tendencies of the Oxford Movement became more apparent. Though he later shared the Tractarian opposition to Erastianism, he was not in favor of the desire of the leaders of the Oxford Movement to give the church the controlling voice in the social order. In an ideal social order he held that the civil and ecclesiastical authorities should be co-equal, failing to recognize, as did Thomas Arnold, that such a scheme would lead only to a stalemate in government, as there are too many areas in which the civil and ecclesiastical authorities overlap. In the 1850's his sympathy was with the Broad Church Party. The opposition of this group to religious dogma was fully shared by Ruskin, although a letter written in 1853 suggested a temporary weakening of this attitude. His Broad Church leanings led him to write two significant essays around the middle of the century in which he attacked dogmatism and advocated denominational unionism. In his *Notes on the Construction of Sheepfolds,* published in 1851, he proposed a plan for the union of all Protestantism. Traditional dogmas were to be ignored, as the church had no right to establish dogmas; then the confessional basis of the Anglican Church was to be broad-

ened to include the Dissenters, who were to be urged to accept the episcopacy, thus bringing into being a united Protestant church. The "Essay on Baptism," believed to have been written around 1850 or 1851, and which was his contribution to the Gorham Controversy, is another work in which he vigorously attacked dogmatic Christianity. He contended that all parties in the Anglican Church should stop quarreling about dogmas surrounding Baptism and get on with the business of winning souls. The Anglican clergy, particularly the bishops, became increasingly unappealing to him after 1850. The climax of his attack upon the English clergy was reached in 1875 when he accused them of the responsibility for the most heinous crimes of society. In the twenty-five year period between 1850 and 1875, part of which he was a religious skeptic, he also expressed his disagreement with several traditional and official teachings of the Anglican Church. He was bitterly opposed to calling Anglican clergymen *priests* or *vicars*. Both terms, he maintained, arrogated to them powers which they did not possess. Clergymen, in Ruskin's thinking, were merely instruments through whom Christ operated; they had no authority to act for and in the stead of Christ. The traditional doctrine of Absolution, consequently, was also unacceptable to him. As pointed out above, the same was true of the doctrine of Justification by Faith, which is contained in the Thirty-nine Articles; Ruskin called it a "false gospel." This opposition to traditional Anglican teaching and practice caused him to advocate changes in the English prayer book and liturgy. He felt that all references to Absolution should be eliminated, as the power to absolve persons of sins was restricted to the Apostles just as was the ability to take up serpents unharmed and to drink any deadly thing without injury. In his declining years, Ruskin indicated that despite his caustic criticism, he was sincerely interested in helping to strengthen the Anglican Church; it never seemed to dawn upon him that he was using a very impractical method of doing so.

Rebellion

In analyzing Ruskin's appraisal of dissenting Protestant denominations in the England of his day, it is important to note that he was very vague and inaccurate in his terminology. He used the terms "Puritan" and "Evangelical" rather loosely; however, the evidence indicates that he used the two terms interchangeably to refer to such religious groups as reflected the controlling influence of Calvinism or Methodism. After

Ruskin's religious thinking became mature around the beginning of the forties, he shared neither the Calvinistic beliefs which characterized such dissenting groups as the Presbyterians, Baptists, and Congregationalists, nor the Arminian views of the Wesleyan Methodists. Calvinism was also to be found in the Evangelical or Low Church Party in the Church of England and had been taught Ruskin by his parents. However, all the Calvinism Ruskin had accepted as a result of parental loyalty he shed during the forties, and the reaction was violent indeed. It was Evangelicalism and Calvinism especially that he rebelled against when he cast away his Christian faith in 1858. His private letters and published works from the late fifties to the end of his career contain the most bitter and caustic condemnation of Evangelical religious groups. He accused them of ignorance and crudity in religion, which he felt, were revealed in their "vulgar forms of art" as well as their absurd interpretations of Scripture. Having himself forsaken the concept that Scripture is the sole authority for religious faith, he accused the Evangelicals of erroneously making the Bible a "Book-Idol" by calling it the "Word of God." Actually, he maintained, the Bible was only "a bad translation of a group of books of various qualities, accidentally associated." The Evangelical emphasis on Sabbatarianism was repulsive to him. This teaching was especially strong among Methodists. Ruskin pointed out that Sabbatarianism sprang from the Jewish ceremonial laws and that if the Evangelicals followed the Jews in one respect, they should also keep the new moons and other fasts and feasts of the Jewish law. He condemned the Evangelicals as bigoted, fanatic, dogmatic, and sectarian, and summarized his attitude by saying that of all religionists, the Evangelicals were the ones whom he most disliked and distrusted.

The Quakers and Unitarians fitted into a different category in Ruskin's thinking, although his condemnation of sectarianism also applied to them. Both the Quakers and the Unitarians represented protests against the Calvinism which Ruskin deplored. There is no evidence that Ruskin came into direct contact with any Quaker congregation, but the fundamental principles of the Quakers were in striking agreement with his own mature faith. Ruskin's "theory of general inspiration," namely, that all believers are directly inspired by God, was essentially a restatement of the Quaker teaching of the "Inner Light." Both Ruskin and the Quakers op-

posed the doctrine that the Bible is the "Word of God"; both believed that the Sacrament of Holy Baptism and the Lord's Supper were of no vital spiritual significance, that the clergy should be non-professional, and that oaths should not be taken. Ruskin's mature religious faith was closer to that of the Quakers than to the faith of any other denomination of Christians in nineteenth-century England. The Unitarians were not as close as the Quakers to him in their teachings. Their toleration of differences in religious beliefs and their emphasis on works rather than faith as the road to salvation appealed to him, but he severely condemned their distinguishing teaching on the nature of God and the person of Christ. On this question Ruskin was a thoroughgoing Trinitarian, despite the bits of skepticism which clung to him during his latter years.

Ruskin and Rome

Ruskin's treatment of the Roman Catholic Church in his writings provides a striking study in contrasts. Prior to the 1870's, he was a bitter opponent of Roman Catholicism. In his youth, he expressed the belief that all Protestantism should concentrate its efforts on bringing about the complete destruction of the Church of Rome. In 1851 he repeated this conviction. This strong anti-bias was evident in the first two volumes of *Modern Painters,* but the emphasis in these two volumes is on the virtues of Protestantism rather than the evils of Catholicism. As a result they were less biting than the caustic anti-Catholic works which Ruskin produced around the middle of the century. The fear of being seduced by the aesthetic appeal of Roman Catholicism seems to have occupied his mind toward the end of the "forties. He, therefore, bitterly attacked the Roman Catholic Church during these years, even to the extent of condemning the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829 and advocating its repeal for the good of the nation. He said that the use of images in worship, the veneration of relics, the adoration of saints, the worship of the Virgin Mary, and the symbolism in Roman Catholic worship were all evidences of idolatry and superstition. He attacked monasticism as useless and hypocritical. The basic Catholic doctrines of Vicarianism and of the church as the sole authority in the interpretation of Scripture he thoroughly denounced. Such was his attitude toward Catholicism until he emerged from his period of religious skepticism in the early 1870's. Visits to Roman Catholic shrines and cathedrals on the Continent had a profound effect on

his religious thinking and particularly on his attitude toward Catholicism. Especially significant was his visit to Rome and Assisi in 1874. Thereafter, he had a new conception of the teachings of Catholicism. The relics, whose veneration he had previously condemned, held a strange fascination for him, and, consequently, he carried home with him from the convent at Assisi a "pinch" of the coat which once belonged to St. Francis of Assisi. The worship of the Madonna was now considered as noble and vital by him whereas earlier he condemned it as superstitious and idolatrous. Monasticism also took on a new meaning for him; he felt that no one could evaluate the spiritual aspects of the monastic life and held that the institution was productive of deep spirituality and the finest of Christian character. The entire tone and spirit of his writings after the middle of the 1870's tended toward Roman Catholicism in contrast to the strong spirit of Protestantism which characterized his earlier works. It is to be noted, however, that he never did accept the Roman Catholic doctrine of Vicarianism and the teaching that the church and the clergy were to serve as an intermediary between God and man. In 1859 he said that he did not believe in the Pope, and he never recanted that statement. The fact that Ruskin could sincerely reject certain teachings of Roman Catholicism and praise others indicates that his early prejudices against that denomination completely disappeared in his latter years.

There was no one Christian denomination in nineteenth-century England whose theology Ruskin would have accepted without reservation. All of the Evangelical and Calvinistic denominations were utterly repulsive to him when he reached maturity. Although he appears to have been a member of the Anglican Church most of his life (doubtless, he was not affiliated with any church during the sixteen years he was a skeptic), his own religious faith was far out of harmony with the official teachings of that denomination as set forth in the Thirty-nine Articles. He was thoroughly Trinitarian in his concept of God, and, therefore, despite their liberalism, the Unitarians were labelled heretic by him. Roman Catholicism became more appealing to him in his latter years, but he could not have completely accepted the teachings of that church either. He was closer to the Quakers than to any of the others.

On the Religious Imagination[1]—I

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I

THEOLOGIANS are often opposed to the recognition of religious imagination because they fear that such a recognition would deprive their faith of its reality and truth. Biblical religion, they insist, is not imaginative, but revealed by God; only mythological religions are rooted in, or at least supported by, human imagination, and precisely for this reason they are fanciful and idolatrous, while the religion of the Book reveals the true nature of the only real God. Therefore, they conclude, it is not imagination, but rather reason which is informed by revelation and responds to the Word of God. Faith would not be of that deadly seriousness, if imagination were its source or its instrument. Imagination plays, as it were, with its products, while reason alone is concerned with reality and with truth. How can we assume that the salvation of our soul depends upon so weak and so deceptive an instrument as human imagination? Such a thesis destroys the substance and holiness of faith, as well as of God Himself. It is not only a theoretically false, but also a morally and spiritually dangerous and devastating doctrine.

I feel deeply myself the weight of these arguments. If nothing else could be said, I would give up the doctrine at once. But I do believe that a great many counterarguments can be given, and that the whole matter is much

[1]Since I published the little book with the title *The Religious Function of Imagination,* Yale University Press, 1941, my views on this subject have not undergone any essential change. I will try here to make some points more clear and to elucidate some misunderstandings. I know very well that there are problems involved which I cannot solve, and some which are probably insoluble. The present article was originally presented as a paper to the Tenth Conference on Science, Philosophy, and Religion.

more complicated than those opponents seem to realize. I admit that the thesis of religious imagination may provoke dangerous consequences, if it is not sufficiently qualified and guarded against shallow interpretations. But I must also maintain that the evidence for it is so irrefutable and obtrusive as to invalidate all objections. It should be regarded as a truism that not reason, but imagination, presents to faith its object. If reason were able to find out the truth about God, revelation would not be necessary. The story of Mt. Sinai would not be of such an immense significance, the great prophets of the Old Testament would not have shaped the conscience of Western humanity, indeed, Christ would not have founded His Church, if reason unsupported by revelation, could perform what the rationalistic thesis proposes. I could enlarge this argument by taking into account the development of Greek philosophy, the breakdown of the systems and schools which occurred precisely because philosophy was not able to satisfy the religious need after the destruction of paganism. Whatever may be the correct relation between reason and revelation, one thing should be beyond all questions and debates: that they are not identical or reducible to each other.

Revealed Knowledge Imaginative

Sometimes the attempt is made to disparage the religious function of imagination by asserting that the relation between reason and imagination in the realm of faith and revelation in principle is not different from that in the realm of the sciences *(e.g.,* Richard Niebuhr in his penetrating and valuable book on *The Meaning of Revelation).* It cannot be denied that imagination has not only a religious and an artistic, but also a scientific function (as I myself mentioned in the beginning of the book noted above). And it is also true that reason is not eliminated from revelation and faith altogether. But to conclude from these premises that imagination is not of greater and indeed of a perfectly different weight in the religious (and artistic) sphere than in that of theoretical knowledge proper, is to shut one's eyes to the cardinal feature of revealed "knowledge." This knowledge is not "theoretical," precisely because it is imaginative, and it is imaginative for two reasons. First, revealed knowledge concerns an object that cannot be known by the methods applied in the sciences (including philosophy), and second, because revealed knowledge has not a theoretical, but a practical purpose:

it serves the moral education and spiritual redemption of man.

I cannot discuss these two fundamental points in this short essay. I must confine myself to some remarks. The philosophical systems of the greatest thinkers before Kant demonstrate that reason always failed when it undertook to solve its supreme problem. It is well known that Plato was very reluctant to conceive of God in a merely logical or ontological manner, and if the seventh letter is not spurious (as some scholars think it is, and not without impressive reasons), Plato consciously and intentionally abstained from expressing ultimate truth, because he was of the conviction that it cannot be expressed, but only experienced in a lifelong pursuit and within a community of friends. Plato speaks always with awe of the supreme mystery of existence. It was only Aristotle who dared to build up a systematic theology, but his God, who does not care for the world and for men, but is preoccupied with Himself and His own perfection alone, has neither a religious relevancy nor does his concept theoretically solve the problems concerning the relation between God and world, or between God and man. And this was the reason why the Stoics and later even the Platonists and Aristotelians themselves turned to new attempts at a solution of the greatest of all problems.

This problem was already stated by the initiator of ontology, the majestic and solemn Parmenides (whom Plato so highly admired and venerated). He pronounced in an almost religious style that Being alone *is,* while Non-Being is *not* and cannot be known. Here, the root of all ontological puzzles is touched. We will never understand, indeed, how negation (and this implies all the features of the finite existence which is ours) can be derived from the eternal and unrestricted Yes of Being. We will never understand, in other words, what the Bible calls Creation. We will never understand in a rational or logical fashion, how error can originate from truth, evil from goodness, imperfection from perfection, sin from holiness. This is the absolute barrier of all knowledge, not revealed. It is even the barrier of knowledge, revealed, if this knowledge is not interpreted as being imaginative and serving practical, instead of theoretical purposes.

It was the ambition of the most ambitious of all philosophic system-builders—of Hegel—to demonstrate logically and ontologically that Being transforms itself necessarily into Non-Being. This attempt belongs to the boldest and most ingenious philosophical ad-

ventures of all times. Never before (and never afterwards) was the human mind so audacious and titanic in its aspirations. Reason was romanticized, romanticism was rationalized. This was the greatest possible effort of the intellect to solve its greatest problem. If Hegel had succeeded, then, indeed, reason would have dethroned revelation, man would have conquered heaven, speculation would have outdone prophetic vision. Hegel would have surpassed Isaiah and even Christ. But alas, Hegel had overtaxed the resources of reason. The titanic enterprise eventually failed. "The hidden substance of the universe" had a power within itself which withstood "the courage" of the thinking mind; it did not open its "riches and its depth," as Hegel triumphantly announced when he began to lecture, but remained hidden. The ontological problem still stands where Parmenides put it. The initiator of metaphysics still is right.

Hegel's titanic enterprise failed, because reason retains its dignity only if it does not yield to the temptation of competing with religious imagination—if it does not transgress its own limits. It derives its prerogatives from its autonomy and sovereignty. If muddled by imagination it falls into the trap of gnosticism or magic. Reason should always be critical against itself. Kant in spite of his prejudices and shortcomings is greater than Hegel.

II

Revelation serves moral and spiritual ends. This again should be a truism. Nowhere does the Book pretend to deliver scientific or speculative knowledge. Nowhere does it argue along the lines of the Schoolmen. Nowhere will one find the slightest traces of an ontology or a system of logic. Nowhere does it intend to offer the rudiments of geometry or physics, although of course certain geometrical and physical conceptions can be found in it, as they can also in ordinary life. To fulfill this purpose, not rational, but spiritual knowledge is required. Or, using somewhat outmoded words, I should say: not science, but wisdom is the real content, ground, and goal of Scripture. Here philosophy is outshone, the "love of wisdom" has attained its aim: wisdom—revelation—fulfills the highest desire of reason.

The term, "reason," changes its precise meaning, if applied in different context. It does not purport the same in the sciences, in metaphysics, in jurisprudence, in practical life, in technology, in the fine arts, and in theology. Therefore, much misunderstanding is derived from an uncritical

and undefined application of this very ambiguous word. And the same is true with respect to the term, "imagination." If we mean by reason a systematic, methodical, logical procedure, then of course, poetry and music, and revelation also are not at all dominated by reason, while the sciences (all of them) are. However, reason is more than scientific, or rational reason: it takes even its most important place in life as moral and spiritual reason.

Comprehendable Knowledge

Highest wisdom, however, cannot altogether dispense with knowledge. Though this knowledge is not theoretical, nevertheless it extends to the object of speculation—to that object which Parmenides had in mind, without being able to conceive it, for he could not bring together Being and Non-Being, the Permanent and the Changing, the One and the Manifold, the Eternal and the Temporal. Wisdom does not need a theoretical solution of this most hidden problem, but it does need a certain reference to it, and indeed, a certain presentation of Being and Non-Being which can guide man's search of his goal in life and of his ultimate destiny. Such a presentation must not be logical, ontological, or metaphysical, and yet it must satisfy the desire of speculative knowledge, inasmuch as this knowledge is demanded by the practical interest of moral reason and the moral will. Man cannot meet the vicissitudes of fortune, the facts of human injustice and of natural inequality, the perplexities and complexities of the relation between the community and the individual, the tragedy of error and guilt, the manifold conflicts and contrasts of human history, and especially of his finite life and his infinite aspirations, without that ultimate knowledge which is barred to the thinking mind, to the inquiry of scientific and metaphysical reason.

This knowledge should be granted to man for moral and spiritual guidance. But for this purpose, it should not be rational, but so fashioned that every man can comprehend it, that is to say, it should be imaginative. The insolubility of the ultimate problem and the exigency of the practical purpose unite thus in the postulate of religious imagination. Speculation about the supreme object of knowledge is not only doomed to failure, it is also inadequate, because this object is by its nature, not only an object of theoretical detached, uninterested speculation, but in the first place, an object in which man is tremendously interested, which is of the greatest significance for his

life, his inner attitude to himself and his fellow men, and to existence as such. It is this aspect of the ultimate object which makes the idea of purely intellectual and ontological knowledge even absurd. An ontology of God is not only excluded by man's finite intellect and confined horizon of perception and thought, it is even more obviously excluded because of its own ultimate and all embracing scope, which forbids a disinterested contemplation. The ultimate object is ultimate precisely because it includes the relation to man's will and total personality. And, therefore, this object is not and cannot be an object at all. Rather it must be of the order of the knowing subject himself, of his will and of his total living self; it must be a self, or if not a self, then at least not something below the level of the self.

Since this ultimate and ultimately sovereign self cannot be apprehended by speculative reason; since it cannot be made the object of ontological comprehension, how else can it be presented to the human mind if not in the form of imagination? Imagination in its religious function (a very peculiar brand of this altogether singular power!) alone seems to be suited to this very peculiar task. Imagination alone seems to be competent and legitimate in satisfying the speculative need of the total person. Reason, certainly, is not altogether absent from this kind of imagination: speculative and moral reason are in profound agreement with the imaginative content of revelation. The superiority of faith over philosophical speculation is grounded in this agreement, for revelation fulfills what neither speculative nor moral reason alone can achieve: it presents the solution of the highest problem of reason in a form adapted to the needs and exigencies of the living community of persons. If we call the object of speculative reason the Ideal of Reason, we can say: revealing imagination presents this Ideal as a reality to the human will and heart, thereby fulfilling the supreme task of reason itself.

(To be concluded)

THE ASTROLABE

By
THEODORE GRAEBNER

AMSTERDAM MIRACLE

If someone had predicted even twenty years ago that I should sit in the lobby of the concert hall of Amsterdam and there hear a French address made in the convention hall upstairs, but hear it in a translation into Dutch, and finding that too difficult, pressing a button on a small box suspended from my shoulder hear it in English, I would have said that the prophet was dreaming strange dreams since nothing but a miracle would account for such an experience. Yet here I was in the lobby of the *Konzertgebaw* in Amsterdam, 1948, hearing an address delivered by Pastor Boegner of Paris in the great hall four flights of stairs above me, and pressing a little button I changed the language in which I heard his oration from Dutch into English. I was wearing a small radio receiving set, a miracle of electronic science if there ever was one. This was the manner in which the committee in charge of the Council of Churches had managed to meet at least in part the "unfortunate arrangement" of the Tower of Babel, as an English speaker in parliament once termed the confusion of languages which divides mankind.

This Dutch committee on arrangements had provided twenty-five thousand dollars worth of portable radio sets, of which dozens were available at every entrance to the convention hall and which consisted merely of a set of ear phones and a little black box suspended from your shoulders or resting on your chest. There were five buttons that you could operate in order to hear either the speaker directly from the desk, or a translation broad-

cast from little booths above the speaker's platform where some experts in two languages translated the sentences as they were being uttered either into Dutch, or into German, or into French, or into English. And you could carry this little mechanism downstairs into the lobby or the tearoom or the press conference room, and not lose a syllable of what was being said in the auditorium. Where the system stopped short of being perfection was the circumstance that some forty languages were being represented in the conference, and so there was but a faint adumbration of the miracle of Pentecost.

ONE WORLD, ONE LANGUAGE

Bright minds have devoted enormous effort to the solution of the problem how to overcome the "unfortunate arrangement" of the Tower of Babel. An international language—what immense advantages would not confer the creation of such a medium to trade, commerce, and labor, and to the arts of communication. Today works of art can be admired by people of every nationality, but instructive or interesting books are read only in the country in which they are published, except those few that through exceptional merit or other cause, are translated into one or two languages. Publishers could fairly hope to reap profits, when authors had the world for readers. Newspapers and magazines, printed in a truly universal language, would contain advertisements which would be read by the entire globe. Posters printed in the universal language could be exhibited in every city in the world, and read and understood by people of every nation. Everyone knowing a universal language, people could travel round the world with the knowledge and certainty that if they could not speak the native languages of the countries through which they passed they could speak a language which all the inhabitants understood.

Now there are three ways that have been thought of for reversing the events that occurred at the Tower of Babel. The methods are —by the revival of a dead language, or by the utilization of a living language, or by the invention of a new language. Now, seriously, the only proposal that has been made under the first head concerns the Latin language. Only four hundred years ago Latin really held the place of a universal language for all scholars and scientists. Even today, it serves this purpose to a certain extent. All the various species of animals and plants are designated by Latin

names, largely of a descriptive type, so that the investigator in England, Turkey, Japan, and Brazil is able to identify the particular species referred to in scientific literature. The same applies to the various organs and parts of the animal and human body, and to the diseases which are the subject of such sciences as medicine and pharmacy. All drugs and chemicals bear Latin names by which they are universally known. I do not know, however, of any attempt to restore to Latin the position which it once held when all scientific and scholarly writing, all public debates in the various fields of learning were conducted through the medium of Latin. It is of interest, however, to read that Latin was so much a second, universal language four hundred years ago that we have sermons of Martin Luther delivered in German which were taken down in Latin by Luther's friend Roerer.

AN OPPORTUNTY FOR SHORTHAND

There is no doubt that some kind of universal language could be construed through the agency of a new kind of shorthand which in each hook or angle or curlicue would represent not an English or German word but a *thought.* We have something like this in mathematics which has a universal language for the representation of the processes of thought involved in the operations of the mathematician. Everyone will at once think of the numerals, 1, 2, 3, etc., or of the signs indicating addition, multiplication, and so on. Then the various signs indicating square roots, cube roots, etc. Various letters stand for certain quantities or relationships and where necessary we go to the Greek language to represent certain factors in the equations. These symbols and letters with arbitrarily assigned meanings are truly a universal language and are understood the world over.

There is nothing novel or exciting about this. I merely mention these facts as evidence that in part at least there has been an achievement of symbols by which the difficulties of language have been overcome.

ENGLISH THE UNIVERSAL TONGUE?

Englishmen have long ago predicted that the time would not be long before their own tongue would be so universally understood that there would be a bridge for human understanding in all fields of endeavor and throughout the civilized world. But even while Englishmen were predicting the universal use of their tongue as a means of com-

munication, the French were playing rings around them and the language of diplomacy has for more than two hundred years been the French tongue. Yet there is no question that French presents greater difficulties to anyone not versed in Latin than English. There is a saying, in which there is a substratum of truth, that English is learned in three months, French in three years, and German in thirty.

As for English, quite one-half of the world's newspaper press is already printed in it. Its power of diffusion is incontestable and irresistible. Yet there is no indication that the nations will agree to make the English language a second tongue which must be taught in all the schools. After all, English presents many difficulties to learners. The rules for forming plurals are various and bewildering. There are words, with the exception of the commencing letter, spelled the same, and all pronounced differently *(tough, through,* etc.). There is a great variety of words, too, which, although spelled the same, has several different meanings, and sometimes pronunciations.

An ingenious student of English has recently compiled a list of nouns of multitude, which exhibits the peculiarities of the English language in an interesting form, and one calculated to deter a foreigner with linguistic designs from proceeding further in the study of English. A number of ships, it is pointed out, is called a fleet, and a fleet of sheep is called a flock. A flock of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of boys is called a troop, and a troop of soldiers is called a regiment, and a regiment of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of blackguards is called a mob, and a mob of worshippers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd, and a crowd of gentlefolk is called the elite, and here the ingenious student trenches upon the French language.

THE BABEL THAT IS EUROPE

Let no one tell the tourist that if he knows English he can get by anywhere. This is so far from being the truth that one

should rather say that outside the English-speaking countries—Great Britain, the United States and Canada, Australia and New Zealand—the English-speaking person is lost if he does not understand and is unable to use the tongue of the country which he is touring.

France is only some twenty miles across the channel from Old England but without a knowledge of French one is very badly handicapped as soon as one steps on French soil. No ticket agent, train conductor, redcap, street car conductor, policeman, or any member of the thousand different trades and occupations with which a visit to France will bring you in contact, is able to understand your English. The ticket vendor that sells you a ticket for concert or opera does not know a single English word, not even the simplest numerals. The waiters in the restaurants have maybe a dozen words which they understand but which they themselves cannot pronounce. If you wish to appreciate the "unfortunate arrangement" of the Tower of Babel, spend a vacation in France or Italy, in Holland or Belgium.

In all these countries, in fact, everywhere in the world, you will indeed find hotels, agencies, and mercantile establishments that can do business through the English language. But you pay every day and you pay dearly through dependence on shops and restaurants, beauty parlors and tailors, who cater to the American or the English. With the exception, possibly, of Northern Switzerland your English is far from functioning as a means of communication and the war has so heightened national sentiments that instead of broadening out in the use of languages of some international scope—such as English, French, Spanish, or Arabic—the nations are jealously guarding their own tongues against a flood of foreignisms and, like Ireland, Wales, the gypsies, and the Jews in Palestine, are seeking, if anything, greater isolation by a literary and popular revival of their native tongues through making them mandatory in their schools and in official documents. The "unfortunate arrangement" of the Tower of Babel is getting worse.

BUT WE HAVE VOLAPÜK

The rewards in terms of fame and revenue are high for the man who invents a universal language that fills the bill. And it is not surprising that proposals of new languages bid fair to rival in number the languages they are intended to supplement—no less than thirteen new languages having claimed the attention of the

advocates of one language, Steiner's *Pasilingua* (1885), Menet's *Langue Universelle* (1886), Maldant's *Langue Naturelle* (1886), Landa's *Kosmos* (1888), Henderson's *Lingua* (1888), Doctor *Esperanto's* International Language (1888), Bernhard's *Lingua Franca Nuova* (1888), and the Luttich *Nal Bine* being the principal.

The acclaim which at first met in 1880 the publication of the Volapük grammar invented by the Rev. John Martin Schleyer, a German Roman Catholic clergyman, roused new hopes and many imitators. In 1890 there were about one thousand teachers of it and over two hundred societies for its extension. Its grammar was published in twenty-one languages and there were two magazines published in it. However, the following dialog which appeared in London Punch was not without point:

Little Girl: "Papa, what is Volapük?"

Papa: "The universal language."

Little Girl: "Who speaks it?"

Papa: "Nobody."

So today we have *Esperanto.*

Let us see what there is to be said for Esperanto as the cure for the mischief that was brought upon us by the Tower of Babel.

My first stories were mostly about mice (influence of Beatrix Potter), but mice usually in armour killing gigantic cats (influence of fairy stories). That is, I wrote the books I should have liked to read if only I could have got them. That's always been my reason for writing. People won't write the books I want, so I have to do it for myself; no rot about "self-expression."

C. S. Lewis

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

What Makes Music Great?

[CONTINUED]

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

Skill is one of the important ingredients of greatness, but skill alone is not enough. Some of the composers living today have skill to burn. Nevertheless, their music lacks that magical something which would imbue it with the power to speak directly, appealingly, and persuasively to the heart.

At the present moment I am thinking of a *Quartet in C Major* from the pen of Walter Piston, chairman of the Music Division of Harvard University.

Mr. Piston is known far and wide as a scholar. In addition, he has won recognition as a composer. His books on harmony and counterpoint give proof of the learning he has acquired, and his compositions show that he has the ability to make practical use of his erudition.

Whenever I think of Piston, the name of another apostle of brain music as opposed to heart music bobs up in my mind. I am referring to Paul Hindemith. I know that in many respects Piston and Hindemith are miles apart, but can it be effectively denied that both men cause their music to smell strongly of the lamp? Occasionally Piston and Hindemith unbend a little and strive to write for listeners who, like you and me, want music that speaks in an appealing manner to the heart instead of catering almost exclusively to the intellect.

As a rule, however, Piston's compositions, like those of Hindemith, provide a feast for the brain but leave slim pickings for the heart. I suspect that the distinguished Harvard professor has something to say in his works. Nevertheless, he does not know how to say it in a down-to-earth

manner. He could learn many a valuable lesson by considering those composers who had a message for their hearers and became adept in the art of conveying that message without cluttering and smothering it with a display of learning. Piston and Hindemith put their erudition on parade when they compose. Even *The Incredible Flutist,* in which Piston seems to have been at pains to unbend, could disappear from the earth without being mourned. It never would be missed.

Lest anyone accuse me of being hostile to new trends and new directions in music, I hasten to state that the art of composition is never static. It thrives on innovations. But Piston, I fear, is not an innovator. He is a learned contriver of compositions.

Nevertheless, even the Pistons and the Hindemiths serve a helpful purpose. Their music should be heard.

I heard Piston's *Quartet in C Major* at a recent concert. I wanted to like the work. In fact, I had an especially strong desire to be able to say in all sincerity and honesty, "This is great music—music for the ages." But I was unable to make such a statement. Why? Because Piston left me cold. He spoke to the intellect, but he neglected the heart.

On the same program I found Antonin Dvorak's *American Quartet.* What a difference! Even if you and I do not agree completely with those who declare that Dvorak's quartet is one of the toweringly great masterpieces of chamber music, we must acknowledge that its composer had a type of skill which Piston does not show in his *Quartet in C Major.* The Czech knew how to speak directly, appealingly, and persuasively to the heart. If Piston ever acquires such ability, he, too, will become an important composer. At the present time his significance is largely historical.

More About Skill

Let us pursue this matter of skill a little further.

Piston, with his phenomenal ability as a contrapuntist, would, I believe, be able to write a *passacaglia* with craftsmanship which would move us to applaud and to marvel. But would Piston produce a *passacaglia* worthy of being placed alongside Bach's great *Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor?* I wonder.

A *passacaglia,* you know, is a composition built on the foundation of a ground bass *(basso ostinato).* Naturally, a work of this kind can be exceedingly dull. If it stresses craftsmanship alone and is dry in its melodic content, it is merely an exercise for the brain.

Bach's majestic *Passacaglia and Fugue in C Minor* is infinitely

more than an exemplification of supreme mental agility. It is a masterpiece in the full meaning of the word. So, incidentally, is the final variation of Brahms's *Variations on a Theme by Haydn.* Music of this kind speaks to the heart as well as to the brain.

Have you ever heard the poignant lament of Queen Dido in Henry Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas?* Rivet your attention on the bass as you listen to this wonderful music. Note how masterfully it is handled. But note in addition that this outpouring of grief contains infinitely more than a masterfully handled bass.

Think of the *Crucifixus* in Bach's *Mass in B Minor.* Here again you see a ground bass used with breath-taking skill. It is a ground bass devised, not primarily for the purpose of illustrating Bach's skill but introduced as a means to give pertinent expression to the stirring message of the *Crucifixus* as a whole.

Let me direct your attention to another adroitly managed bass part in a work from the pen of Bach. It is safe to say that you have often heard the beautiful *Air* which is the second movement of the master's *Suite No. 3, in D Major.* Perhaps you, like many others, have fallen into the habit of referring to this marvelous outpouring of subjugating beauty as the *Air for the G String.* August Wilhelmj, a famous Hungarian violinist, arranged Bach's *Air* for the violin in such a way that it could be played on only one string. Hence the title *Air for the G String.* But Wilhelmj transposed the *Air* from D major to C major. Therefore it is not proper to speak of the original version as the *Air for the G String.*

One could not blame you for concentrating exclusively on the melody whenever you listen to Bach's deathless *Air.* But please glue your ears to the bass the next time you hear this music. The little masterpiece is constructed with breath-taking skill. Yet you want to exclaim, "How simple it all is!" But the simplicity, as Manfred F. Bukhofzer points out in *Music of the Baroque Era,* is deceptive; for the *Air* "is built on an octave motive in the bass that recalls the technique of the organ pedal."

Schumann's Quintet

Do you know Robert Schumann's *Quintet for Piano and Strings, in E Flat Major, Op. 44?* This work occupies a prominent place among the masterpieces of chamber music. It shows us Schumann at his best. It is a composition which will never become outmoded. Stateliness, warmth, richness, solidity, drama, humor, and a wealth of lyric beauty are to be found in its pages.

Schumann's quintet was written during the months of September and October in 1840, about sixteen years before the composer's tragic end. It was performed for the first time on December 6, 1840. Clara Wieck Schumann, the composer's wife, intended to play the piano part, but she became ill. Mendelssohn stepped into the breach and performed the piano part at sight.

If for one reason or another you have the notion that chamber music is, as a rule, altogether too profound for the average listener, you should give Schumann's *Quintet for Piano and Strings* a chance to disabuse you of that belief. From the opening bars, which are majestic and decisive in their rhythmical forcefulness, through the stately martial tread of the second movement and the rippling scales of the *Scherzo* to the close of the impressive *Finale* you will hear music that is lucid and beautiful—music that teems with the very essence of life.

Those who take special pleasure in following Schumann closely as he wends his way with deftness and assurance along the path marked out by his consummate craftsmanship will find in the *Quintet for Piano and Strings* much to fill their minds with wonder. There is no floundering here, no aimless writing, no useless toying with thematic material, no mere exhibition of dexterity. Every note has pertinence. There is logic in Schumann's workmanship. Over and above this, however, there is that magical something which transcends beauty and coherence of design. I am speaking of the magic which makes for genuine greatness—magic which takes hold of the brain without leaving the heart out in the cold.

Strangely enough, Schumann, who had the ability to write great music, did not find favor in the eyes of Richard Wagner. Franz Liszt tried to convert Wagner to the cause of Schumann, but he did not succeed. He procured a four-hand piano arrangement of the latter's fourth symphony and showed it to his friend. But Wagner was not impressed. He pronounced the work banal.

For a while Schumann was hostile to the music of Wagner, but as time went by he came to discover much more in the mighty man's works than he had been able to see when they were brought to his attention for the first time. Frederick Niecks, a distinguished scholar, wrote:

> Had Schumann lived long enough to follow Wagner along his new revolutionary paths, watching the development and the climax, one can hardly doubt that he would have followed appreciatively, even while still upholding the classical ideals of form

and euphony. As it was, we must bear in mind that Schumann followed no farther than *Tannhäuser*—he did not hear *Lohengrin;* and one cannot but feel that if he had known *Die Meistersinger,* he would have withdrawn at least the statement that Wagner was "not a good musician."

Yes, he who asks, "What makes music great?" is bound to find conflicting opinions by the bushel. Even the great sometimes fail—or refuse—to be impressed by the great.

Schumann once wrote that Wagner had "an enormous gift of gab" and that "in his musical judgments he always seeks to shoot beyond the purely musical."

After Schumann had read the score of *Tannhäuser,* he wrote to Mendelssohn:

Truly he can scarcely think out and set down four good measures in a row, to say nothing of beautiful measures. And now the whole score lies before us finely printed—with all its fifths and octaves—and now he'd like to revise and erase—too late!—The music is not a hair better than *Rienzi,* if anything, more turbid and forced!

But after Schumann had heard a performance of *Tannhäuser,* he had a different opinion. He wrote to Mendelssohn that much of the work had moved him profoundly.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

The sense of drift, which is the passive way of feeling the loss of the *elan* of growth, is one of the most powerful of the tribulations that afflict the souls of men and women who are called upon to live their lives in an age of social disintegration; and this pain is perhaps a punishment for the sin of idolatry committed through worshipping the creature instead of the Creator; for in this sin we have already found one of the causes of those breakdowns from which the disintegration of civilization follows

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

RECENT RECORDINGS

FRÉDÉRIC FRANCOIS CHOPIN. *Sonata for 'Cello and Piano, in G Minor, Op. 65.* Edmund Kurtz, 'cellist, with Artur Balsam at the piano.—Here you have Chopin at his best—Chopin the great melodist and Chopin the able architect. Kurtz is a master-musician and a master of the 'cello. Mr. Balsam plays superbly. RCA Victor WDM-1322.

ROBERT SCHUMANN. *Fantasiestücke, Op. 12.* Artur Rubinstein, pianist.—Admirable performances of *Des Abends, Aufschwung, Warum?, Grillen, In der Nacht, Fabel, Traumeswirren,* and *Ende vom Lied.* RCA Victor WDM-1335.

THAT MIDNIGHT KISS. José Iturbi, pianist, plays Chopin's *Revolutionary Etude,* Saint-Saens' *Allegro Apassionata,* and Albeniz' *Malaguena.*—I have never heard better piano recordings. Here Iturbi is at his best. RCA Victor WDM-1344.

CLAUDE ACHILLE DEBUSSY. *Children's Corner.* Transcribed for orchestra by André Caplet. Leopold Stokowski and his Symphony Orchestra.—These delightful little masterpieces, written originally as piano compositions for Debussy's daughter Chouchou, have been orchestrated with fine skill by Caplet and are played with arresting beauty under the leadership of Stokowski. The titles are: *Doctor Gradus ad Parnassum, Jimbo's Lullaby, Serenade for the Doll, The Snow Is Dancing, Little Shepherd,* and *Golliwogg's Cake Walk.* RCA Victor WDM-1327.

GEORGE GERSHWIN. *The Man I Love.* JEROME KERN. *Why Was I Born?* from *Sweet Adeline.* Dorothy Kirsten, soprano, with an orchestra under John Scott Trotter.—Miss Kirsten is capable of far better singing than this. In an obvious attempt to add to her popularity, she "louses up" the two songs. RCA Victor 49-0697.

The New Books

Unsigned reviews are by the Associates

Pulitzer Prize Winner Defends Prince Metternich

AUTHOR VIERECK holds a brief for Prince Clemens Metternich.* That is to say, he holds a brief for conservatism, of which the great Austrian statesman is the most brilliant and enduring symbol. Conservatism has, in many circles today, become a term of opprobrium—but not so to Peter Viereck. To him,

> conservatism is a social and cultural cement, holding together what western man has built and by that very fact providing a base for orderly change and improvement.

But, the author is quick to add:

> But not all the past is worth keeping. The conservative conserves discriminately, the reactionary indiscriminately. Though the events of the past are often shameful and bloody, its lessons are indispensable. By "tradition" the conservative means all the lessons of the past but only the ethically acceptable events. The reactionary means all the events. Thereby he misses all the lessons.

Modern historians and political scientists, Viereck believes, have been too hard on Metternich. He was a diplomat, not a demagogue. His overruling principle was *Kraft im Recht,* and in this Metternichian demand for a universal law above private force, Viereck sees "the last best hope not only of internationalism, not only of peace, but perhaps—since Hiroshima—of the survival of man."

Those who know Metternich only as a blind and uncompromising reactionary might be surprised to hear him say—in words that might have been lifted out of *The Nation*—that "man cannot make a constitution, properly speaking," only "time." A merely written constitution is "but a sheet of paper" if not also lived in and grown into. "Just as little is a Charta a constitution as the marriage contract is the marriage"—both must be consummated.

***CONSERVATISM REVISITED: The Revolt Against Revolt**
By Peter Viereck. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York and London. 1949. 187 pages. $2.50.

TITIAN

The Annunciation

About 1557. Naples

TITIAN

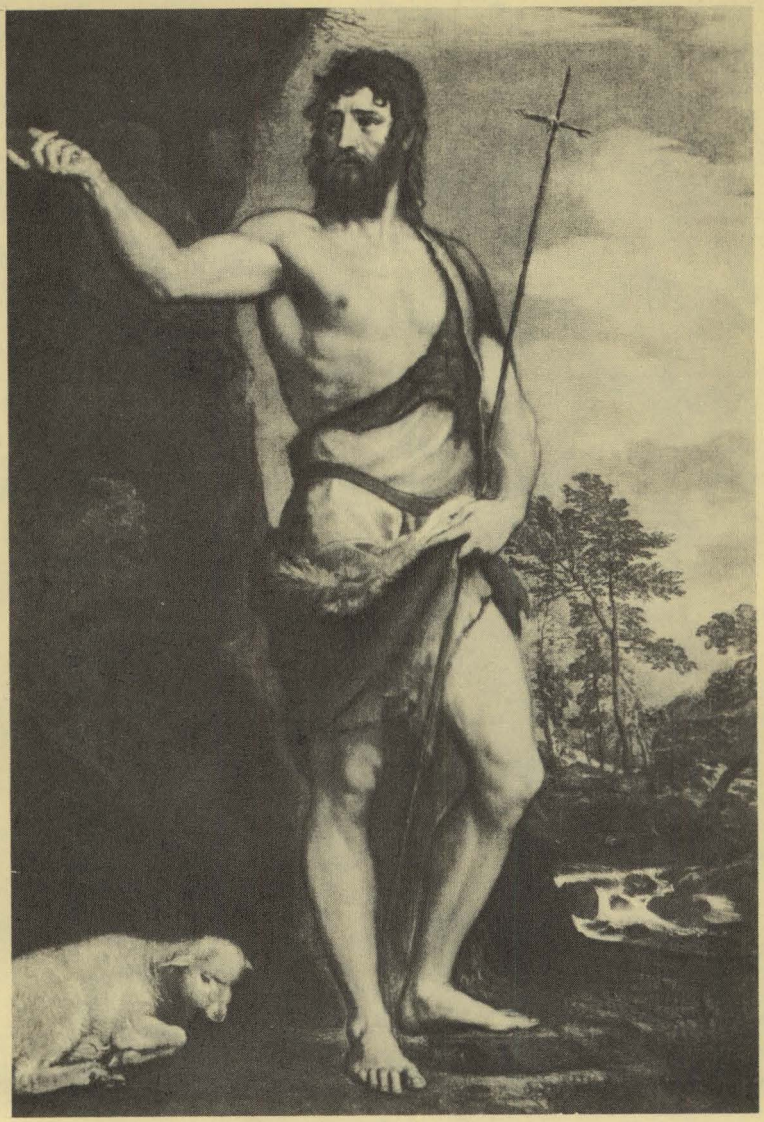
Madonna with the Rabbit

About 1530. In the Louvre, Paris

TITIAN

Baptism of Christ

About 1516. Rome



TITIAN

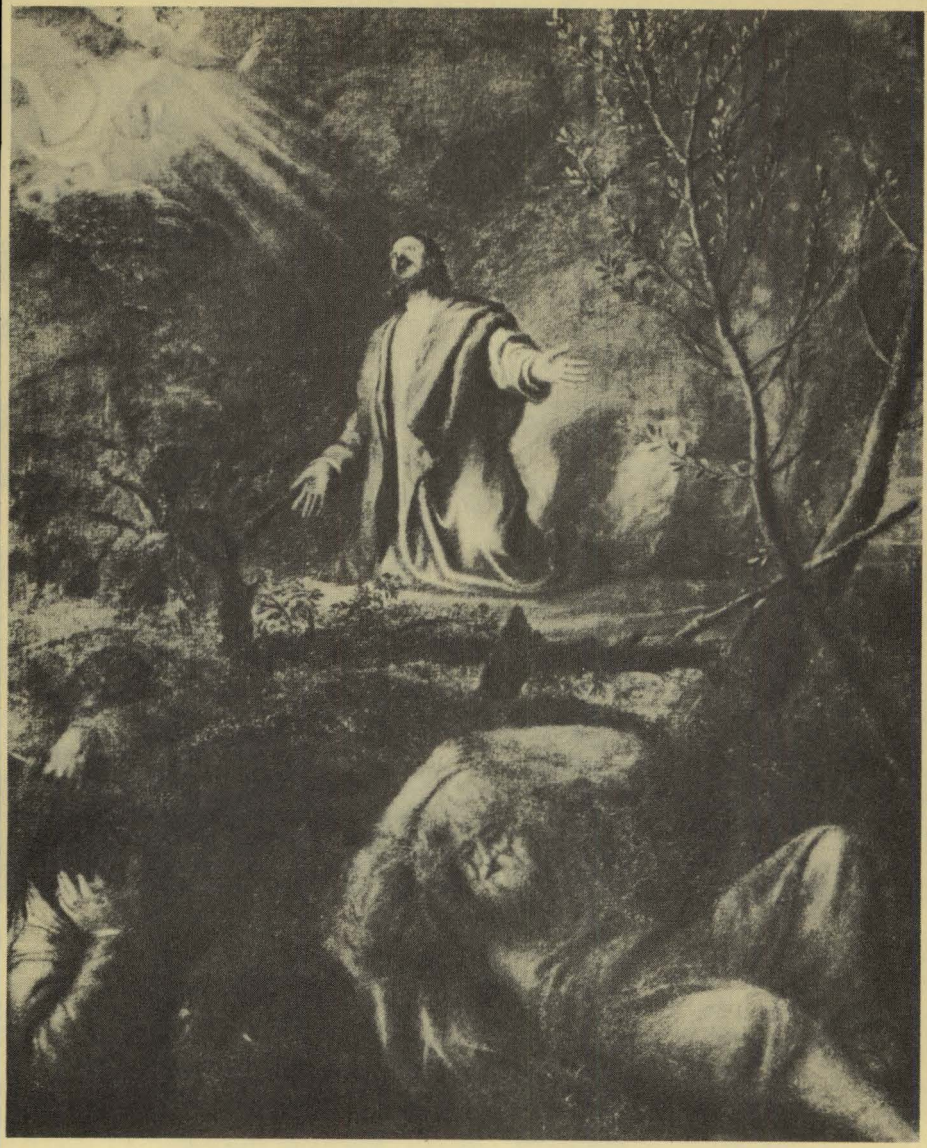
St. John the Baptist

About 1545. The Academy in Venice

TITIAN

The Transfiguration

About 1560. Church of San Salvatore, Venice



TITIAN

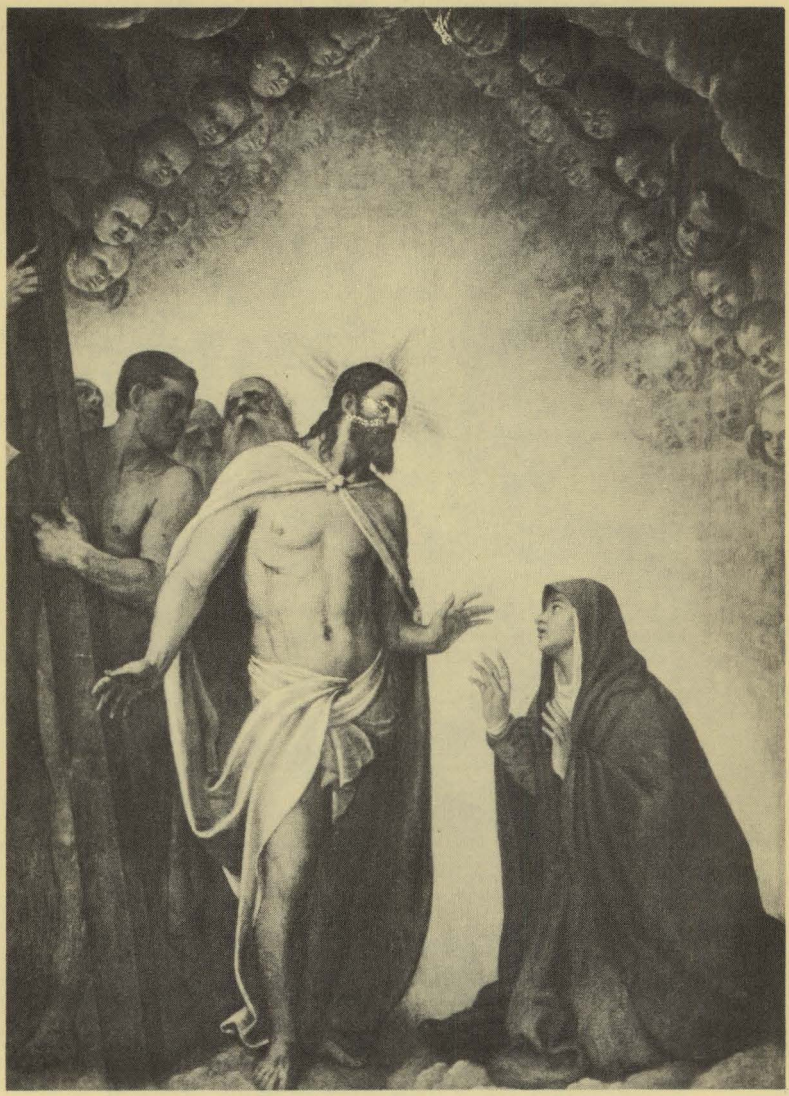
Christ in Gethsemane

About 1565. The Monastery of St. Lawrence

TITIAN

Christ on the Cross

About 1565. The Monastery of St. Lawrence, El Escorial



TITIAN

Christ Appearing to the Virgin Mary

About 1554. In the Parish Church at Medole

Metternich's loyalty—and it was an intense and burning loyalty—was to Europe. He was, indeed, the consummate European. And Viereck sees in this devotion to a human community broader than any provincial "nationalism" the true solution to the ills and tensions that afflict our world. And because Metternich embodied this spirit, the author places him in the tradition of Alexander the Great and Erasmus.

To Metternich's detractors, who have decried him as the archconservative, it will come as a real shock to hear him describe himself as "a liberal in the bottom of my heart." He averred: "I am (a liberal) and even beyond it." This was obviously a play upon semantics, for Metternich would have felt little kinship with William O. Douglas or Wayne Morse. He differed from the liberals in lacking "their faith in man's ability to change basically his own nature or to break with the inescapable past." But in describing himself as "beyond liberalism," Metternich wanted to assert his grasp of the fundamental issues for which the liberals were striving, but the full implications of which lay beyond their ken.

Metternich foresaw, and Viereck emphasizes the lesson, that unbridled and uninformed liberalism leads to the eventual loss of freedom and of moral responsibility:

> The liberal continues to be brought his cosy bourgeois breakfast and his progressive morning newspaper with soothing regularity, protected by the order he scorns. Unfortunately, his weapon against the undemocratic values is not a moral democracy of Christian brotherhood, but the two-edged sword of relativism: "All standards, morals, and traditions are relative, merely reflecting self-interest and economics." So it's hurrah for change, full speed ahead; and it's down with home and hearth, throne and altar, quaint honor and old loyalties.

The author maintains that the conservative principles are proportion and measure; preservation through reform; humanism and classical balance; self-expression through self-restraint; and "a fruitful obsession with unbroken historic continuity." And the following might well be commended to the attention of the Henry Wallace-Paul Robeson school:

> We don't need a "century of the common man"; we have it already. What we need, and what a humanistic, non-utilitarian education will foster, is a century of the individual man. Democracy, though slowly attained and never by revolutionary jumps, is the best government on earth when it tries to make *all* its citizens aristocrats.

Peter Viereck is one of the brightest luminaries on the American literary horizon. Still a young man and a veteran of World War II, he won the Pulitzer Prize in 1949 for his book *Terror and Decorum*. Whether you agree or not with the thesis of *Conservatism Revisited*, it can hardly be gainsaid that this is a trenchant and stimulating analysis of current political thought, one that deserves the thoughtful perusal of both conservatives and liberals—especially, we should say, of the liberals.

ANTHOLOGIES

A TREASURY OF GREAT REPORTING

Edited by Louis L. Synder and Richard B. Morris. Simon & Schuster, New York. 784 pages. $5.00.

THE latest of S & S's prodigious treasuries *(Great Conversations, Great Letters,* etc.), this one brings us a fat 784 pages of what the editors call "literature under pressure." Most of them are newspaper cullings, perhaps lack literary polish but do carry the impact of immediacy.

In all the *Treasury* presents 175 examples of literature in a hurry. They range from 16th century newsletters through the war years, Hiroshima and the war dead coming home. The editors admit of trying to eschew giving too great a play to the lurid and the catastrophic. But even a random thumb-through shows that the editors have, perforce, given us mostly I-was-there accounts. The conventional, the law abiding makes for rather tepid news and this collection proves the point.

Somewhere in the introduction is the heartening notation that "today reporters write with greater subtlety and depth than did most of their predecessors." Also—"The cheering news is that rhetorical pyrotechnics and raucous sentimentality are disappearing from the better grade of news stories."

There are a lot of great bylines in this book—Defoe, Zenger, Dickens, Hugo, Villard, Churchill, London, O'Malley of the Sun, R. H. Davis, Irwin, Kipling, Gibbons, Woollcott, Hecht, Broun, Mencken, Stowe, Pyle, Hersey, even the AP's release breaker, Ed Kennedy.

Through the years, the deadline-happy reporter's great curse has been the conflict of speed versus meaning in the news. The selections would seem to point up that the best reporters pay equal attention to both.

SCIENCE AND CIVILIZATION

Edited by Robert C. Stauffer. University of Wisconsin Press, Madison. 1949. 212 pages. $2.50.

DURING the past year the University of Wisconsin celebrated its centennial with a considerable number of symposia, forums, and other gatherings. Among these was a symposium arranged by the History of Science group of the university which was to deal with the relations between civilization and science. Eight papers which were presented, most of them by visiting scholars, are brought together in this volume as a contribution toward the discussion of some of the numerous angles of the subject.

Prof. McKeon of Chicago discusses the influence of Aristotle on Western science, and Prof. Thorndike of Columbia calls attention to some unfamiliar aspects of medieval science. In a closely reasoned essay Prof. Black of Cornell wrestles with the problem of defining scientific method. He closes with the intriguing statement, "To be rational is to be always in a position to learn more from experience." A scholarly paper on "The Meaning of Reduction in the Sciences" is contributed by Prof. Nagel of Columbia. Briefer essays on "Physics as a Cultural Force," "Science as a Social Influence," "Metaphors of

Human Biology," and "Science and Society" complete the volume.

We are not, on the whole, fond of reading symposia because as a rule some of the contributions fall far below the level of others, but in this case high scholarly quality is unusually well sustained. It seems regrettable to us, however, that while some minor phases of the topic are treated at length, several of the most vital problems that fall within the range of the subject, e.g., the relation of science to moral and spiritual values, are barely touched on. This may be due to the fact that, oddly enough, the term "civilization" in the title seems to have been completely forgotten by the essayists, all their attention centering on "science," with some reference to "society." Civilization, we believe, is not so much as mentioned by any of them. It would have been interesting to canvass the question whether civilization is possible on a strictly scientific basis alone, and if so, what kind of a civilization it would turn out to be.

BIOGRAPHY

THE STRANGE LIFE OF AUGUST STRINDBERG

Elizabeth Sprigge. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1949. 246 pages. $3.50.

ELIZABETH SPRIGGE writes a fascinating account of August Strindberg, the great Swedish playwright, who, himself an introverted schizophrenic and victim of an Oedipus complex, influenced many modern playwrights in their experiments with psychological studies. The story begins in the uncongenial home environment of the sensitive lad who, through many unhappy school experiences, became ever more suspicious and irritable. At the University of Upsala he starved and froze in a garret and was forced, finally, to teach in the same school in which he suffered as a boy. Later he returned to the University on a stipend, only to be misunderstood and unhappy. Always there was that feeling of being trapped until he became a bitter pessimist, a near paranoiac. He studied medicine, became an actor, and then a journalist. At last he decided upon a literary career. His three marriages were heartbreaking experiences, their tragedies perhaps resting on the fact that in his wives he looked for his mother; in his children, for his own childhood. Most of his best plays are marked by angry protest against feminism. Out of his own normal and pathological experiences he drew many discerning observations on human nature, which made him a master of the psychological drama. On the other hand, his Pietistic training as a child, his study of Swedenborgian mysticism, and his strange mental seizures led him away from reality and into metaphysical conjecture from which he emerged as a symbolist dramatist and writer of fairy tales. Aside from his purely literary efforts, Strindberg devoted much of his life to the working people from whom his mother sprang. He lived long enough to know that the world acclaimed him a genius.

Outstanding characteristics that mark Miss Sprigge's biography are these: a sensitive understanding of a

dark and tortured life; restraint and enough objectivity to give accuracy to the analysis; and intelligent interpretation of a wealth of detail. The book contains a large amount of documentary material which adds much to the impeccable honesty and richness of a biography of one who was

> . . . at once hypersensitive and crude, sensual and puritanical, harsh and sentimental, swinging between the poles of scepticism and faith, romanticism and realism, satanism and angelology.

VERA T. HAHN

THE CONSTITUTIONAL WORLD OF MR. JUSTICE FRANKFURTER

Edited by Samuel J. Konefsky. The Macmillan Co., New York. 325 pages. $4.50.

WHEN, in 1939, Felix Frankfurter assumed the duties of Associate Justice on the Supreme Court, the bench and bar generally were agreed that President Roosevelt's choice had been wise. Frankfurter had an outstanding record as a teacher at Harvard. He was an authority in administrative law, closely allied in many instances with constitutional law. He was outspoken and courageous in his insistence on seeing justice done, evidenced primarily by his blistering attack on the trial of Sacco and Vanzetti.

After ten years of service as a justice, many of those who had applauded his appointment were satisfied that he had lived up to expectations. Others were not so sure. Not a few were genuinely disappointed and openly antagonistic. He has been called one of our truly great judges. He has also been called the tool of the bureaucrats. In his new book Professor Konefsky says he is the most controversial member of the present court and attempts to show the reader the reason by presenting a carefully selected series of cases in which Frankfurter has rendered opinions. The cases chosen are arranged according to the different aspects of constitutional law and cover all of the important questions from religion to crime, from the political to the economic. Almost no comment, other than explanatory, is made by the editor. This device, or the absence of it, is to this reviewer one of the outstanding features of the book. The reader is allowed to interpret Frankfurter's words without the coloration of another's ideas or ideals. Professor Konefsky has edited the cases carefully to preserve the continuity of thought, but this reviewer wonders at the wisdom of any editing when an attempt is being made to give an insight into the thinking, ideals, and legal philosophy of a judge.

Few of the cases included in this volume were decided unanimously. This of course leaves the door open to argument and disagreement with Frankfurter's views. The problem of whether or not the reader agrees with these views depends in a large measure upon his own thinking, his own interpretation of the constitutional questions in issue, and—closely connected with this and far from unimportant—his politics. The solution to this problem lies with each individual.

Aside from this, it must be said

with all objectivity that Frankfurter's opinions are written for the most part in language easily understandable, couched in lucid terms and enlivened with original similes and metaphors.

To all who are interested in constitutional law and particularly in Mr. Justice Frankfurter, this book is recommended. One can easily brush aside a few mechanical defects and find here excellent and educational reading.

CARDINAL MINDSZENTY

By Bela Fabian. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 1949. 203 pages and index. $2.75.

BELA FABIAN, a Hungarian Jew with many years of political experience and a close personal acquaintance with Cardinal Mindszenty is eminently qualified to present a record of the man whose trial before the Hungarian Communist court will be a *cause celebre* for years to come. His book is more than a record of the Cardinal's trial. It is a sympathetic and readable biography of the peasant boy who served his church so well as parish priest and bishop that he was granted the red hat at the comparatively early age of 53.

Cardinal Mindszenty was born Joseph Pehm. When the Nazis tried to make political capital of his German ancestry and name, he changed it to Mindszenty, the name of his native village. Bela Fabian's portrait of the Cardinal reveals a man whose greatness is found in his essential simplicity. As a simple man he was direct in his thought and in his action. As a peasant he understood his church members and served them in sincere devotion and understanding. As a man of principle in a place of great influence in predominantly Catholic Hungary, he was able to inspire a loyalty to the same principles among the lowly in Hungary and thus save the common people from the excesses in riot and bloodshed through which both Nazism and Communism sought to gain their ends in Hungary. Against both of these in turn he was a determined foe and his eventual arrest was a foregone conclusion.

The blow, when it finally came, makes a great impact in Fabian's account because the author so carefully delineated Mindszenty's activities in the years previous. The story of the trial itself and the diabolical preparation for it is now a matter of common knowledge. The disintegration of personality and its refashioning through which the Communists try to satisfy their own conscience and that of the world that they have justice and right on their side, is a horrible application of science to criminal ends. It should serve to emphasize that there is absolutely no compromise possible. The trial of Mindszenty should impress the non-Communist world that life under Communist domination is a nightmare beyond the most fantastic imagination of men. If this book awakens America to this threat, Bela Fabian's book and the life that inspired it will not be in vain.

WE SURVIVED: The Stories of Fourteen of the Hidden and Hunted of Nazi Germany

As told to Eric H. Boehm. Yale University Press, New Haven. 1949. 308 pages. $3.75.

AFTER the war the author was stationed in Germany with the American Military Government. At that time he began to gather the material which is presented here by interviewing at length survivors of Nazi brutality and inducing some of them to write out their histories. The fourteen accounts which make up the book are evidently selected from a larger number with the purpose of giving a cross-section of personalities and experiences. There are Jews and non-Jews, militant opponents of the Nazi regime and timid, inoffensive women, people of high rank in intelligence and official position and plain artisans, some who went into hiding and others who spent years in concentration camps. Because of this wide spread each story is unique, and the ensemble succeeds in drawing a composite picture of conditions under the Third Reich which is remarkably vivid and many-sided. Inhumanity of the worst type, almost inconceivable misery and degradation, but likewise heroic steadfastness, self-sacrificing devotion, and self-forgetful love have their day.

Having recently reviewed the almost pathological ravings of Dagobert Runes in *Letters to My Son* (cf. THE CRESSET, January, 1950) we were deeply impressed with the wholly different spirit of this book. Boehm is a Jew, and so are more than half of the narrators. Yet *We Survived* carefully avoids cheap sensationalism, self-pity, and sweeping condemnation of the Germans as a people and is content to give a factual account of what took place. There is no glossing-over of Nazi brutality, but on the other hand, full acknowledgment is made of the fact that many Germans were opposed to the Nazi regime and befriended and protected persecuted Jews, often at great sacrifice and at the peril of their own lives. As for the charge that all Germans must have known what was going on in the concentration camps, it is illuminating to note that Rabbi Leo Baeck, head of the National Association of German Jews, relates that, as late as August, 1943, he hoped that rumors of what was happening at Auschwitz were "the illusion of a diseased imagination," that only then did he receive secret information on the actualities and, for good reasons, kept it to himself, so that even after that "no one knew for certain" among those with whom he was in contact.

This volume is much more than a random collection of personal experiences and is, therefore, of lasting value and interest.

STALIN—A POLITICAL BIOGRAPHY

By Isaac Deutscher. Published by Oxford University Press, New York and London. 1949. 600 pages. $5.00.

MR. DEUTSCHER is a member of the editorial staff of *The Economist, London,* and has prepared this valuable biography on the basis

of his own inside knowledge of Russian affairs, of his acquaintance with many political leaders who had contact with Stalin, and of his study of important writings and documents. Only so much of Stalin's personal life and habits is brought in as are necessary to clarify and illustrate his political actions. Stalin's development as a worker for the establishment of the present regime in Russia is pictured step by step until 1946. So all the details of that development pass before the eyes of the reader, who finds all important conclusions well documented and who cannot but marvel at the course of a life begun in the Georgian slums, as it were, and at last arriving at a position of leadership among his people that leaves him second only to the president of our own country. In developing his own leadership, he developed his own Russians to become the first industrial power of Europe and the second in the world. The whole nation was sent to school. Stalin has fostered every interest in a cultural heritage. Perhaps in no other country has youth been imbued with so great a respect and love for the literature and art of other nations. Millions of copies of the foreign classics have been distributed in Russia. A huge nation, formerly held together by the Tsarist power, has been molded into one by Stalin's method. What previous twenty generations could not do, Stalin did in twenty years. No matter what the future may have in store for Russia, this work cannot be undone. This work will outlast Stalin. Deutscher says: "But in order to save it for the future and to give it its full value, history may yet have to cleanse and reshape Stalin's work as sternly as it once cleansed and reshaped the work of the English revolution after Cromwell and of the French after Napoleon."

The careful reader of this volume will be well-rewarded. The story is so well written and so thoroughly documented that very few questions that may come to mind are left unanswered. It is also most important to know that the author writes coolly and objectively.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILL ROGERS

Edited by Donald Day. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3.50.

ARTEMUS WARD and his clan did not disappear entirely from the American scene. For many years, up until his tragic death in an Alaskan plane in 1935, Will Rogers carried on the great tradition of American humorists who felt a responsibility toward their nation.

It is a pity that Will Rogers never found time to finish his autobiography. His editor, Donald Day, has collected his columns, magazine pieces, letters and the fragmentary autobiography of Will Rogers' early years into a fairly complete book form. Reading this collection is a richly rewarding experience. Will Rogers' humor was never sarcastic nor cynical. He had a general breezy, western skepticism toward all pretensions of politicians, churchmen, reformers, Hollywood, royalty. His insights were sharp. Thus his analysis of Stalin is as valid today as when he wrote it back in the twenties.

As a good and loyal Democrat Will Rogers was quite distrustful of the Republicans. Nevertheless, his attitude toward Coolidge and Hoover was one of reproachful respect. Some of his observations on Wall Street bankers after the 1929 crash and during the depression years have a poignant validity in our day. When the New Deal was swept into office, Will Rogers was happy although he always retained a certain air of bewilderment upon beholding the creation of the various alphabetical agencies.

This is a book to dip into when the spirits are low. Will Rogers can make you laugh. Better yet, he can restore faith in a tottering democracy as no highbinding politician ever could.

27 MASTERS OF POLITICS

By Raymond Moley. Funk & Wagnalls. $3.50.

THE one-time New Deal crown prince and chief adviser offers a series of profiles on the politicians with whom he consorted during the thirties. There is not much that is new in these sketches although his analysis of Jim Farley is rather sharp. Mr. Moley feels that Farley was mainly concerned about party ethics more often than about national well-being. An interesting footnote to history is Mr. Moley's revelation about the late Cardinal Mundelein's attempt, at Roosevelt's instigation, to persuade Jim Farley in July, 1939, to remain loyal to the Democratic party. "With respect and restraint Farley rebuffed the Cardinal's plea with a pointed reminder that this was the first occasion in his career when a responsible officer of the church had attempted to influence his political decisions or conduct." Any youngster, feeling his oats in a first political maneuver, ought to be handed Moley's study of twenty-seven politicians of the 20th century. He will learn and possibly profit from the lessons.

ETCHED IN PURPLE

By Frank J. Irgang. The Caxton Printers, Ltd., Caldwell, Idaho. 1949. 241 pages. $3.50.

HERE is the European war of one foot-soldier. In the original invasion as a medic, the author treated the hurts of his fellows until he was wounded in an unnamed battle sometime in the autumn of 1944. After recovery he was again sent to the front—but this time as an infantryman and scout. On through nameless town after nameless town; the Battle of the Bulge and a period behind enemy lines; the Rhine and still on and on into Germany. Finally, on night patrol, another wound. The war was over when he recovered and after a period as an M.P. in Berlin he was sent home.

It is difficult to appraise this book. Irgang is by no means a polished writer and the technical faults of the book are many. But he is a story teller and with all its weak points there is a fascination in this story of one man who fought the war the hard way. So fascinating that the reviewer, who has listened to reminiscences of GI's almost *ad nauseam*, found it difficult to put the book down once he had started it.

JOHN W. REITH

I ATTACKED PEARL HARBOR

By Kazuo Sakamaki. Translated by Toru Matsumoto. Association Press, New York. 1949. 133 pages. $2.00.

THIS is the story of a young Japanese naval officer whose midnight submarine spearheaded the attack on Pearl Harbor on the morning of December 7, 1941. Just before the attack, the author writes, the captain of the midget vessel read a message from the commander in chief of the attacking fleet. It read:

> The moment has arrived. The rise or fall of our Empire is at stake. Everyone do his duty.

The midget submarine proceeded toward the harbor entrance. But something went wrong—the attacking craft hit a coral reef near the port entrance. The crew arranged to blow her up and when they made sure the fuse was burning they jumped overboard to drown themselves in the big waves hundreds of feet from the shore. The author goes on to tell of his surprise to regain consciousness and find an American Army sergeant standing beside him. He, Ensign Kazuo Sakamaki, became prisoner of war number one. The rest of the book describes the author's experiences in American prison camps, his inward struggles, his return from war to peace in Japan and his complete rehabilitation as a citizen of his country.

This interesting adventure of a young Japanese naval officer from the day of his intense training for the suicidal mission up to the attempted attack on Pearl Harbor is exciting enough. It gives the reader a rare chance to see inside a pre-war Japanese trained mind. The greater portion of the book, which tells of the author's experience as a prisoner of war, might easily have been written by any Japanese prisoner of war. This book became a best seller in Japan. H. H. KUMNICK

CURRENT AFFAIRS

THE RED PLOT AGAINST AMERICA

By Robert E. Stripling. Edited by Bob Considine. Bell Publishing Co. $3.00.

THIS is the story of the House Un-American Activities Committee's work between the years 1938-48. It is also the story of its chief investigator, Robert E. Stripling. The editing has been entrusted to a Hearst writer, Bob Considine. There is nothing essentially new in this book. The chief investigator applies the whitewash brush indirectly to the activities of a certain J. Parnell Thomas, one-time chairman of the committee. Apparently Mr. Thomas was the victim of a Moscow plot when he forced his employees to kick back on their salaries. Mr. Stripling has now retired from his activities. This book is his valedictory sermon to a sleeping America.

PEACE ON EARTH

Hermitage House. $3.00.

HERE is a convenient handbook to use in assessing one of the most significant developments of the history of the human race: the United Nations. Incorporated within its

pages are the ideas and opinions of many of the men and women who today are playing a significant part in the growth of the United Nations idea. Trygve Lie, Ralph Bunche, Eleanor Roosevelt and many others write about the various phases of the United Nations. At the end of the volume is the Charter of the United Nations and the Declaration of Human Rights. This is a good book to place in high school and college libraries.

THE MARKET FOR COLLEGE GRADUATES

By Seymour E. Harris. Harvard University Press. 1949.

PROFESSOR HARRIS of Harvard presents a realistic, lucid and readable picture of what can be expected by college graduates in years to come. At the present rate of college production and of federal planning, one-third of the population will be college graduates by the year 1968 and one-half will be junior college graduates. However, the number of professional, semi-professional, and managerial positions will be vastly inadequate to absorb them.

Advantages of higher incomes formerly accruing to college graduates have fallen off already and will probably recede still farther as college graduates accept an increasing variety of jobs which do not require higher education.

Copious charts and graphs document the author's concern that "the problem of supply and demand for college graduates is unsolved" and largely without sympathy. College administrators, parents of today's children and business leaders should re-study the implications of our "democratization of education." Frustration and social upheaval is likely unless education is re-designed and re-directed to include those not suited to traditional college work, restrictionism in some occupational areas is removed, and prestige-values in occupations are studied.

"The solution lies, in part, in a more careful census of supply and demand—in increased and improved vocational guidance for parents and students, in the adaptation of supply to demand—(in some areas), and in a greater concentration on the non-economic gains in education as well as on the social—profit."

OLIVER E. GRAEBNER

ONE HALF THE PEOPLE: Doctors and the Crisis of World Health

By Charles Morrow Wilson. William Sloane Associates, Inc., New York. 1949. 315 pages. $4.00.

THE title of this book stems from the author's opening statement that one-half of the two and three-quarters billions of people in today's world are sick. The consequences of such an enormous sick roster are international, in addition to the suffering of the individuals afflicted; lack of adequate nutrition frequently results in some regions, notably the tropics, because many of the region's farmers are sick farmers who cannot produce sufficiently. The progress of man's fight for health has consisted primarily in his learning to control epidemic and infectious diseases. The

history of this struggle is sketched briefly and forms the most interesting portion of the book because the author usually by-passes persons now famous for their discoveries and instead has selected lesser lights whose roles were equally interesting, but less well-known; for example, he gives credit to Koch for identifying the tubercle bacillus, but he describes in detail the incessant efforts of Saturday Vai Zo, an African medicine man, who fought tuberculosis among his tribesmen for many years with the help of missionary doctors and then succumbed to the disease himself.

The author's review is timely and worthwhile because "public health" programs are now, more than ever, international in scope, being focussed in the recently organized World Health Organization. The prospects of this organization for promoting and protecting the health of all human beings are overwhelming; its accomplishments remain hidden in the unknown future, but the author correctly places on our nation a great deal of the responsibility to make the WHO successful.

LEONARD W. RITZMANN, M.D.

FICTION

NIGHTFALL AT NOON

By Marcel Hamon. Ziff-Davis, Chicago. 1949. 234 pages. $2.50.

RECENT years have seen quite a number of novels whose general theme has been the influence of the crucifixion of Christ upon those who participated in it. Most of them have developed this theme through the use of some obscure character or incident recorded in the familiar Gospel accounts. The robe, for which lots were drawn at the foot of the cross, the lance used to pierce His side, Dismas, the penitent malefactor, and Longinus, the Roman centurion in charge of the crufixion, are well remembered uses of this device.

In *Nightfall at Noon,* an original French novel by Marcel Hamon with an English translation by Samuel Putnam, Malchus, the servant of the high priest whose ear Peter severed in the Garden of Gethsemane, is the chief character. Malchus' fictional history here begins on a voyage from Rome to Jerusalem. His father, a Jew of the Diaspora, is on his way back to Jerusalem after many years' absence. When he dies enroute, he obligates his son to return to the city and fulfill his duty as the high priest's servant. On his way, Malchus meets Lucia, the Christian daughter of a Roman soldier, who is being sent to bolster the garrison for the turbulent times attendant to the celebration of the Passover.

The turning point of the story is, of course, the memorable scene in the Garden through which Malchus becomes the beneficiary of the Savior's power. But *Nightfall at Noon* takes far too long to reach this point. Interesting as the author's development of Jewish and Roman life of the period may be, it merely serves to draw the interest of the reader away from Christ as the central character and concentrate it upon Malchus. When Malchus actually encounters Christ, the story still belongs to Malchus, with Christ remaining an ex-

traneous intrusion. The record of this encounter remains far too vague, possibly because the author himself is vague as to what a believing relationship to Christ is to be. The mystical element of Malchus' relation to Christ is overdrawn, and his visionary experience of the crucifixion, interwoven with the superstition of Veronica's veil, are quite detrimental to the author's obvious attempt to make his story historically authentic. *Nightfall at Noon,* therefore remains merely an interesting story of Malchus instead of an inspiring story of Christ.

CHALLENGE

By Olga Overn. Concordia. $2.50.

THIS is the story of Bjorn. He lived and struggled. Bjorn's saga opens like this: "Out of the shadow of the pre-dawn rolled before me a panoramic history of the world—conquest, greed, martyrdom. Peaks of progress towering skyward framed of men's tears a mirrorlike pool." That's the way the story starts. It sounds like that in the middle, too. It ends like this: "Mathilde's large eyes were luminous and moist."

This is the most inept novel ever to have crossed your reviewer's desk. Without the dust cover's contrary testimony your reviewer would readily believe that the publisher decided to perpetrate a magnificent hoax on the American public. But the dust jacket's words solemnly testify to the publisher's serious purpose: he wants people to buy the book.

Your reviewer's large eyes are luminous and moist.

FIVE NOVELS BY RONALD FIRBANK

By Ronald Firbank. New Directions, Norfolk, Connecticut. 1949. 472 pages. $5.00.

THIS is a selection of five amusing, and, presumably, the best novels by Ronald Firbank, the eccentric Englishman who became an important novelist just after World War I. The settings for all five are romantic, but the themes are decadent and the treatment is cynical. Two, *The Artificial Princess* and *The Flame Beneath the Foot* describe the preposterous characters populating mythical European countries. In *Prancing Nigger* the background is the verdant tropics but the story follows the dissolution of a native family when it moves to the city. Only in *Valmouth* does Firbank write of his own country, in this case an imaginary society of over-age reprobates, and only in *The Eccentricities of Cardinal Pirelli,* a study of the downfall of an irreverent cardinal, does the author, a Catholic, write directly of his church. However a minor strain of scoffery at the impiety of his fellow Catholics runs through every story.

Firbanks is a careful writer with a unique style of using double phrases and hidden meanings that under a less intellectual author might be called obscure. His characterizations are a strange combination of satire and sympathy. Reading his novels is not easy but it is highly rewarding and unfailingly interesting. Firbanks, who died at the peak of his writing career at the age of 39, was never popular in this country though he

was widely read in England. The introduction by Sir Osbert Sitwell is excellent. ALFRED R. LOOMAN

HOW-TO-DO-IT

ROAD TO A RICHER LIFE

By Walter B. Pitkin. Ziff-Davis. $3.00.

AMERICA'S famed author of *Life Begins at Forty* writes a lengthy study on how you and you may get more out of life. Dr. Pitkin is exceedingly practical when he demonstrates how our mental and physical resources can be developed to the ultimate degree. One questions, however, some of the rules Dr. Pitkin sets up. For example, "Live according to your own lights just as far as you can. . . . As the world changes fast and as fresh complexities arise, you must change your rules accordingly." This is a dubious course of action to follow. At least it would be dangerous advice to give to anyone whose moral and spiritual ethic is not firmly grounded. One suspects that Dr. Pitkin might lead many people into accepting the doctrine of expediency as a norm of conduct. And there are too many Americans accepting expediency as the best method of conduct.

WRITING AND SELLING FACT AND FICTION

By Harry Edward Neal. Wilfred Funk, Inc., New York. 1949. 192 pages. $2.00.

IF YOU want to write for profit, you certainly can find in this book valuable tips on compiling and selling your articles and short stories.

Neal is an author and instructor in the field of writing. He has gotten rejection slips—and has sold magazine contributions. He has taught amateurs—and knows what questions they ask.

His work rings with authority. His conversational tone is easy to read.

In the first portion of his work he considers the composition and marketing of short stories. He does not contend that the sale of stories is a simple matter, but he does say knowing the "ins" and "outs" of the game aids all concerned.

Neal's tips relative to articles forms the second phase of this work. He uses his own experiences as well as those of other authors as his guide for his readers.

Perhaps one of the highlights appearing in this work is a list of book titles, authors and publishers found in Neal's personal library. Aspiring amateurs will find this invaluable.

In brief—*Writing and Selling Fact and Fiction* is easy to understand. It can aid would-be magazine writers no end. HERBERT STEINBACH

TO EVERY MAN A PENNY

By Bruce Marshall. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 1949. 345 pages. $3.00.

THE abbe felt that he would have made a fine Christian if he could have had one afternoon off a week on which to go round stuffing himself with chocolate eclairs and being rude to people he didn't like.

But the little French priest, for all his earthly affections, is of the stuff of saints. His inclinations toward

"polishing the souls" of undesirable people—a prostitute, a Jewess, and a Nazi officer—blinded his ecclesiastical superiors to the incandescence of the Holy Ghost shining inside him, eclairs notwithstanding.

Almost lost in the quiet charm of the book is Mr. Marshall's sharp interpretation of wars and politics on Frenchmen. His manner of writing is superb and endearing. Not only is *To Every Man a Penny* a good novel, it is one of the great Christian documents of our time. Like many of Christ's parables, first it pricks and then it points to the holes in heaven where God's mercy shines through. The last words, coming like a benediction, are, ". . . and for the rest of the world the abbe prayed, too, that the Lord Jesus might lean down, and touch it, and smooth it out."

ROBERTA IHDE

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

THE PHILOSOPHY OF CIVILIZATION

By Albert Schweitzer. Translated by C. T. Campion. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1949. 346 pages. $5.00.

OF THE twenty-seven chapters of this book, the first twenty-five are a history of the relation of ethics to civilization, while the last two chapters give the author's view of an ethics which will satisfy the demands of the present age. With a firm grasp on the literature and history of ethics, Dr. Schweitzer sketches the growth of the moral idea from the ancient Hindus and Babylonians to Bergson and Nietzsche. Among the philosophers passed in review are the authors of the Upanishads and Zoroaster, Plato, Aristotle and the Stoics, Descartes and Leibniz, Spinoza and Kant, Schiller, Goethe, Fichte, Hegel, Schopenhauer, the ethical systems of these men being the subject of sketches with admirable terseness, a brevity which yet permits every essential trait to receive its proper emphasis.

Schweitzer's own ethical system is summarized in the phrase, Reverence for Life. He definitely means all life, also animal life, even insect life, and the life of plants. A man with the proper respect for life will refrain from ill-treating animals and will help an insect when it is in difficulties. "Whenever I injure life of any sort, I must be quite clear whether it is necessary. Beyond the unavoidable, I must never go, not even with what seems insignificant. The farmer, who has mown down a thousand flowers in his meadow as fodder for his cows, must be careful on his way home not to strike off in wanton pastime the head of a single flower by the roadside, for he thereby commits a wrong against life without being under the pressure of necessity."

We are impressed by the manner in which Schweitzer limits his theme to that announced in the title. There is little here of the missionary and explorer, hardly a trace of the author's experiences among the natives of the Congo, thus confirming our impression of Schweitzer as one of the most profound as well as versatile of modern thinkers. At the same time, the concentration of Schweitzer upon his chosen theme has resulted

in a certain monotony of presentation, due to the author's evident desire to leave no stone unturned in his search for an ethics which will serve as a philosophy of civilization. Those who expect a brilliant book from the pen of Albert Schweitzer will be disappointed, while those who desire a discussion of ethical systems from the earliest periods to the present day, will find their reward in *The Philosophy of Civilization.*

MR. JONES MEETS THE MASTER. Sermons and Prayers of Peter Marshall

Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. 1949.

IT HAS been just one year now since the death of Peter Marshall. Since his death at the age of forty-six, some of his sermons and a book of his prayers have been published. More will very likely follow.

Mr. Marshall was pastor of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church in Washington, D. C. He also was Chaplain of the United States Senate. He was eminently successful in both capacities.

The high regard in which Peter Marshall was held rests primarily on his unique manner of preaching and praying. His prayers are generally short, picturesque, and straight to the heart of a particular problem. Praying before the senate on one occasion he stated, "Our Father in heaven, give us the long view of our work and our world. Help us to see that it is better to fail in a cause that will ultimately succeed than to succeed in a cause that will ultimately fail." During a service he used the following prayer, "Lord Jesus, we come to Thee now as little children. Dress us again in clean pinafores; make us tidy once more with the tidiness of true remorse and confession."

Mrs. Marshall points out that he was always most appreciative. Frequently his prayer before a meal would be: "Father, we thank Thee for the loving hands that prepared this food." He seems also to have had a keen sense of humor. Mrs. Marshall states that on one occasion when the food she set before him didn't meet his fancy he stated: "Catherine, I think you'd better thank God for this. I don't want to be a hypocrite."

The sermons of Peter Marshall are as unique and attractive as his prayers. In his sermons he was able to touch the hearts of common men, and they flocked to hear these sermons. Peter Marshall understood the common man and pointed him to Christ. The title for the book is derived from this characteristic of being able to point Mr. Jones to the Master.

For a delightful, unique, and valuable reading of sermons and prayers, these are among the better ones that have appeared for some time.

LUTHER P. KOEPKE

SOCIAL THOUGHT IN AMERICA

By Morton G. White. Viking. $3.50.

FOR a long time Vernon L. Parrington's *Main Currents in American Thought* has been a fairly standard textbook on the development of American thought and cultural patterns. Dr. White's book attempts to evaluate the exact contribution which five men—Charles A. Beard, John

Dewey, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., James Harvey Robinson, and Thorstein Veblen—have made to the development of American social thought. He does not discuss Parrington. The net conclusion of Dr. White's careful study is that it was not so much the logic of their ideas which swayed and finally turned American thinking (as, for example, the rise of the New Deal) but it was rather their attitude of revolt against accepted patterns of thought. These men sought a more rational society although there were many deviations in their thought and conduct. Perhaps the greatest contribution these men made was to insist on the relationship of empiricism and ethics. Whether one agrees with their findings is another matter.

VERSE

THE CANTICLE OF THE ROSE: Poems, 1917-1949

By Edith Sitwell. The Vanguard Press, New York. 1949. 290 pages. $3.75.

ENGLAND RECLAIMED AND OTHER POEMS

By Sir Osbert Sitwell. Atlantic-Little, Brown, Boston. 1949. 122 pages. $2.75.

THE Sitwell family, Dr. Edith Sitwell, Sir Osbert, and Sacheverell Sitwell, have contributed many volumes of poetry, criticism—both of literature and of art—travel memoirs, and autobiography since their appearance on the London literary scene during World War I.

And now the Earth lies flat beneath the
shade of an iron wing.
And of what does the Pterodactyl sing—
Of what red buds in what tremendous
spring?

A series of powerful indictments of the atomic age concludes this collection of Miss Sitwell's poetry; it opens with the delicate satire of the "Bucolic Comedies," "Façade," and "The Sleeping Beauty," which were published during World War I and the 1920's. The development of her style to meet the changing focus of Western consciousness in the past thirty years is extremely interesting. In the second decade of the century the more obtuse of the reading public were at a loss what to make of such passages as

Jane, Jane,
Tall as a crane,
The morning light creaks down again!

while the more sensitive readers delighted in her subtle counterpointing of sounds, as in

The stars in their apiaries,
Sylphs in their aviaries,
Seeing them, spangle these, and the
sylphs fond,
From their aviaries fanned
With each long fluid hand
The manteaux espagnoles. . . .

and recognized the transposed sense impressions as a psychologically sound technique of art. (In an essay prefacing this volume Miss Sitwell explains several matters of technique.) The 1920's brought "Façade," a suite of poems read to orchestral accompaniments by William Walton, a new recording of which was made last year during Miss Sitwell's visit to the United States. An atmosphere of cir-

cus or carnival pervades this suite—a theme frequently found in those postwar years—but the imagery is taken from the most diverse sources; "Hornpipe" tells of

> New-arisen Madam Venus for whose sake from far
> Came the fat and zebra-d emperor from Zanzibar
> Where like golden bouquets lay far Asia, Africa, Cathay. . . .

"Jodelling Song," a satire on Switzerland, counsels that

> Man must say farewell
> To parents now,
> And to William Tell
> And Mrs. Cow.

The sound effects, the surprising imagery, and the delicacy and wit of the conceptions set her poems of that period at the top of their genre. The poems dealing with the depression and World War II are less dependent on sound effects, and the images are more frequently of the myth type. There are Midas, the crass Lady Bamburgher, the Ape, the Pterodactyl that lays steel eggs and fouls its nest; opposing them are the golden corn-goddess and the dark earth, with their fruitful love, and the Rose of Christ "and His people."

England Reclaimed offers many interesting pages, but Sir Osbert's most effective medium is prose; readers of the recent four volumes of his autobiography will recognize in the lightly satiric portraits of gardeners and their families some of the persons on the Renishaw estate. These portraits are excellent; his style, which seems insufficiently concentrated in some of the other poems, fits this sort of thing perfectly. "English Gothic," a satirical description of a cathedral, is well done. The volume ends with some poems of World Wars I and II, the best being the stark allegory, "A Rose in the Mouth."

ALICE BENSEN

OTHER BOOKS

AN INTRODUCTION TO LEGAL REASONING

Edward H. Levi. University of Chicago Press. 74 pages. $2.00.

A PECULIAR talent with which few are endowed is the ability to say little and convey much. The author of *An Introduction to Legal Reasoning* seems to have special gifts to do just that. In his little book which he calls an Introduction he has included not only the introduction but also the conclusion and everything that goes between. It is the Alpha and Omega of legal reasoning.

Professor Levi does not criticize, he does not editorialize, he does not thunder. Rather he presents a quiet, thoughtful, profoundly simple study of the development of law through legal reasoning. His exposé is not earthshaking. Every student of the law is aware of the fact that changes have taken place and are continually taking place in legal decisions, but all are not aware of the process which is responsible for these changes. Seldom is he given, as he is here, the opportunity to see so simply and clearly and yet so completely the entire change linked together from beginning to end. The change, the

evolution of the change and the reason for it are the tasks which Professor Levi has undertaken, and he succeeds in them admirably. His essay is not speculative, but factual with its foundation in the decided cases which were and are the law. It takes the form of a defense of a system which on numerous occasions is generally or specifically criticized.

Much has been written and said of *stare decisis,* roughly the doctrine that legal precedent is controlling. An adherence to this doctrine would seem to indicate that there is logic in law. But what of cases modified, overruled, or those designated as no longer controlling? What of the recognized change in law? Are these then indications that there is no logic in law? Professor Levi's answer is an unequivocal "No!" Legal reasoning is a process of its own, a logic of its own. He calls it reasoning by example. In this system precedent is paramount, but it is tempered by its relation to society and by ambiguity which is complementary to a changing community. Ambiguity is necessary because expediency of a majority-minority society demands it if stability is to be realized and compromise is effected between opposing forces. It must be present to some extent in the words of judges, to a greater extent in statutes, and particularly in written constitutions.

That this concept of reasoning is foreign to the accepted notion of logic cannot be denied, but the author strenuously insists that it must of necessity be that way if the law is to keep pace with the changing ideas of the community, if it is to be progressive and dynamic as it unchallengeably should be.

The author gives separate treatment to case law, statutory law and constitutional law, with the discussion in each based generally on one more or less concrete problem of law. His presentation of the problem within these confines and the choice of cases he uses to illustrate his point shows a deep insight into the tasks and limitations of the courts that make the law. Constant recapitulation within the sections themselves and a tie up between the three different aspects keeps the reader's attention focused continually on the central theme.

While reading the book, one is constantly reminded, particularly in the section on constitutional law, of the words of the late Justice Cardozo, who said, "Life casts the molds of conduct, which will some day become fixed as law. Law preserves the molds which have taken form and shape from life." These short sentences have peculiar applicability to what Professor Levi has to say.

To become specific in a review of a book of this type would almost necessitate a rewriting of the entire volume. To speak in generalities leaves much unsaid. Suffice it to say that everything is fitted into its proper place and the whole is tied into a neat jurisprudential package. It is a book that should be of intense interest to all students of the law and of logic.

BATTLE REPORT: Victory in the Pacific

By Captain Walter Karig, USNR, Lieutenant Commander Russell L. Harris, USNR, and Lieutenant Commander Frank A. Manson, USN. Rinehart and Company, New York. 1949. 548 pages. $5.90.

THE fifth and final volume of the Battle Report series, *Victory in the Pacific,* is an "eye-witness narrative of the Navy's role in the closing months of the war—from the gigantic amphibious landings in the Philippines to the day of surrender aboard the *Missouri.*" The series, now completed, is one of the two histories of the Navy's part in World War II ordered by the late Secretary of the Navy, Frank Knox. It is written by naval officers in non-technical language, the actual words of the men participating in the actions described being used as much as possible. According to an announcement by Secretary of the Navy Matthews, the series "parallels and complements the more detailed history now being compiled under the supervision of Captain Samuel Eliot Morison."

From the horrifying aspect of kamikaze ("divine wind") in October, 1944, to the even more horrifying aspect and prospect of the "atomic dawn" in August, 1945, one indisputable factor is apparent in this climactic *Battle Report:* the high morale of the personnel of the United States Navy. This is the indispensable intangible which money cannot buy, which training cannot achieve, and which discipline cannot maintain. It must be in the hearts of those men who are called upon to face death and its horrible instruments for their country and its cause. It is a matter of spirit that causes men voluntarily to perform acts above and beyond the call of duty. Whoever, however unintentionally, would be instrumental in destroying the morale and pride traditional with the United States Navy would perform a disservice to his country. That is only one of the lessons this volume teaches both by text and by about two hundred reproductions of what must surely be among the most graphic and meaningful war photographs ever taken.

A. WEHLING

FAMILIES OF AMERICA

By George Sessions Perry. Whittlesey House, New York. 1949. 151 pages. $3.00.

IN THESE pages the reader is given an opportunity to learn about nine American families of different ethnic backgrounds. Each family is visited in its own home. The food, the home town, the way in which a livelihood is earned, the temperament, the creed, and the skin color of each family may differ but they are all real American people in real homes in America. Regardless of the corner of the world from which the family came or in which generation they came to America, the author reveals that all have much in common and that the process of Americanization is not dead but goes on continually.

The individual chapters on each

of the nine families have appeared in *The Saturday Evening Post* and the *Country Gentleman*. This volume is written in the same informal style which characterizes the author's many articles which have been published in the leading American magazines. The author does not reveal how or why these particular families were chosen; therefore, the reader may question how adequately these families represent others of similar background. Most likely the average American will find much enjoyment and information in this volume—the story of his neighbors, the families of America.

DANA B. SCHWANHOLT

BRAZIL: World Frontier

By Benjamin H. Hunnicutt. D. Van Nostrand Company, Inc., New York. 1949. 387 pages. $6.00.

THERE is in the United States an increasing interest in the continued development of Latin American nations. The great undeveloped areas and recognized resources of Brazil have been of particular interest although reliable information has not always been available and many misconceptions have prevailed. *Brazil: World Frontier* is an account of social, industrial, and commercial conditions in that country that answers many questions and points to key problems that underlie the development of regions and resources. The author, an American, though a resident of Brazil for forty years, acted as director of Brazil's Lavras Agricultural College and later became president of Mackenzie College in São Paulo. He has thus had exceptional opportunity to become familiar with Brazil's achievements and with the conditions that hold promise for continued development.

This is a completely factual account of Brazil drawn from recent government data and made vivid by the author's intimate knowledge of the regions and conditions of the country. His long residence and deep interest in the country permit him to understand and appreciate the developments that have occurred and to make possible a realistic appraisal of undeveloped regions and resources. This is an excellent source of information to anyone interested in Brazil, since data not usually available are presented by an individual who is also competent to interpret them.

E. J. BULS

JAILBAIT. The Story of Juvenile Delinquency

By William Barnard. Greenberg, New York. 1949. 216 pages.

JAILBAIT is a book with a catchy name and sensational contents. Through a survey of case histories, newspaper stories, and reports of national organizations, the author gives a lurid picture of the juvenile delinquency situation in American society. He presents accounts of teenage prostitution, of homosexuality, of gang wars among boys, of juvenile killers, of the revolting conditions in most of our jails and reformatories, and of several noteworthy experiments for analyzing and treating such

offenders. He discusses the limitations of citizens, parents, schools, churches, police and correctional systems, and of every effort advanced so far to cope with juvenile delinquency.

No information about the author is given; nor does his book have a preface, index, or bibliography. The style is that of a newspaper reporter. The statistics are too general, and the case histories too selective to give a true picture of juvenile delinquency. The purpose of the book is hard to discern. Perhaps the choice of "cases" was made to attract a wider circle of readers. Perhaps the author feels that only by presenting sensational stories can he awaken public interest. No new material is offered to those working or teaching in the field of delinquency; but to the general public the cases will be shocking, especially if they have not followed the stories in their newspapers.

In the last three chapters on "Anticipating Delinquency," "Whose Blame," and "Whose Shame," the author delves into the current thinking on the problems of juvenile delinquency. His concluding beliefs that each child needs love, good adult examples, responsibilities, and natural equipment could be found in any book on child psychology, social work textbook, current reports of the United States Children's Bureau or current magazine articles on juvenile delinquency. He does put the challenge of this great social problem where it belongs—in the minds and hearts of every member of our society.

MARGARETTA TANGERMAN

The READING ROOM

By THOMAS COATES

Magazines in the United States

THIS is the title of a brand-new, highly informative book by James Playsted Wood (Ronald Press Co., New York, 1949) which ranks as the most complete survey and summary of the field of periodical literature that has come to our attention. Mr. Wood discusses the history of the American magazine from its early and unpretentious beginnings in colonial times until the present day. And thus to study the field of periodical literature is to get a kaleidoscopic view of the history of American culture—for the contemporary literature of each succeeding generation serves as a mirror of the customs, the mores, the thought patterns of that generation. That is why the reading of a book like *Magazines in the United States* is a profitable exercise at the midway point of the century.

The early progenitors of the modern American magazine included the *Pennsylvania Gazette,* which was founded by Benjamin Franklin in 1729 and which was a direct ancestor of the *Saturday Evening Post;* the *General Magazine,* begun in 1741, also by Franklin; the *American Magazine and Monthly Chronicle,* inaugurated in 1757; the *Pennsylvania Magazine,* in 1775; the *Columbian Magazine,* in 1786; and many others of lesser importance. Most of these were short-lived, but they already set the tone for the later periodical literature which was to become such a prolific and influential factor in the emergent civilization of the new world. They were, for the most part, journals of opinion, and they did much to crystallize national sentiment in the period before the American Revolution.

Education, rather than mere entertainment, was the avowed purpose of the weekly and monthly journals in the early history of the republic. In no case was this better exemplified than in *Port Folio,* a brilliant literary weekly edited by Joseph Dennie, with John Quincy Adams as a regular contributor. This magazine, which made its first appearance on Janu-

ary 3, 1801, was—in the words of its prospectus—"submitted to men of affluence, men of liberality, men of letters." Mr. Wood sees in the *New Yorker* of our own day a lineal descendant of the *Port Folio* of a century and a half ago. *Port Folio* was strongly Anglophile in its sympathies, and the mounting tension between America and Great Britain, together with the demise of Editor Dennie in 1812, spelled the gradual eclipse of this greatest of early American magazines. Author Wood observes:

> The truth of Ralph Waldo Emerson's remark that an institution is but the lengthened shadow of a man is well illustrated by Joseph Dennie and the *Port Folio,* and throughout the whole story of American magazines. There is a corollary. A strong editor, even a strongly wrongheaded editor, has usually meant a strong and influential magazine; whereas intelligent editors of moderate views and no firm opinions have often produced colorless and comparatively ineffective magazines. Magazines have sickened and declined, sometimes disappeared, when an editor with a strongly marked character has been succeeded by someone as capable but not as distinct.

While *Port Folio,* sophisticated and satirical, appealed to the intellectuals, another and less cultured magazine was beginning to make a wider and more lasting appeal to a broader segment of the population. This was the *Saturday Evening Post,* the archetype of a new species of journalism which was destined to become an integral part of American life and culture. In those pioneer days, when books were read only by the privileged few, when newspapers had only a limited, local circulation, and when formal education was a luxury, it devolved upon the magazines to serve as schools and mentors, as "universal instructors," as the *Pennsylvania Gazette* described itself.

A New Type of Literature

As TIME went on, the national magazines assumed, in increasing measure, the stature of a potent literary force. *Graham's Magazine,* beginning its career in 1840, is a good example of this trend. This was the first periodical to depart from the rule of anonymity which had prevailed among all magazine contributors up to that time and to feature "name" writers. It was the first, too, to stress the use of illustrations—an innovation which caused its circulation to skyrocket. In addition, this journal was one of the first to make an especial appeal to women readers, with its fashion plates, household suggestions, and sentimental love stories.

A contemporary of *Graham's*

was *Godey's Lady's Book,* the precursor of the women's magazines which have attained such staggering circulation figures in our own time.

Godey's became an American institution in the nineteenth century. It affected the manners, morals, tastes, fashions in clothes, homes, and diet of generations of American readers. It did much to form the American woman's idea of what she was like, how she should act, and how she should insist that she be treated.

This remarkable magazine, founded in 1830, lasted until 1898. When it vanished, the void was quickly filled by an ambitious and superior successor, the *Ladies Home Journal,* whose popularity even today is undiminished.

In the mid-nineteenth century, the magazines began to serve as the vehicle for a new type of journalism. Concerning this trend the author declares:

Magazines were also beginning to develop a class of writers who were facile and deft, and who possessed a light touch and a sense of the dramatic and timely that fitted the particular needs of periodical publication and matched the writing skills of the men and women themselves.

Through the medium of the magazine, moreover, many an American writer catapulted to fame, among them Thoreau, Lowell, Cooper, Hawthorne, and Poe. Indeed, many important American literary works made their first appearance in the columns of the weekly or monthly periodicals. This, it is clear, is not merely a twentieth century development.

Of the journals of opinion established in the mid-1800's, only two survive today. They are those hardy perennials, *Harper's* and the *Atlantic Monthly. Harper's,* which this year celebrates its centennial, began as a digest, of the kind that has become so common in our own day. It described itself as a "monthly compendium of the periodical publications of the day." Within a year it had surpassed the spectacular circulation figure of 50,000. Surviving the trials and pitfalls of a century of journalistic history, it has consistently brought to its readers the best of literary criticism, of editorial analysis, of political and social comment, of fiction and verse.

Seven years after the founding of *Harper's,* its famous companion, the *Atlantic Monthly,* was inaugurated, under the editorship of James Russell Lowell. It began its journalistic course in a blaze of glory, with its original group of contributors reading like an honor roll of American literati, including Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, and Harriet Beecher Stowe.

The list of *Atlantic* literary triumphs is long; a full list of its early

contributors would include almost every revered name of New England in American letters of the nineteenth century. Unlike *Harper's,* which in its first years simply exploited English writers, the *Atlantic* offered the finest American imaginative and critical writers a suitable, periodical vehicle for their work and consequently made great contributions to American literature. In so far as its belletristic product influences the spirit of a country, no American magazine has been more influential than the *Atlantic Monthly.*

The Crusaders

AMERICAN magazines have at times performed a distinguished service as a weapon against political corruption and as a force for social betterment. *Leslie's,* a famous weekly of the second half of the nineteenth century, served as an early example of the crusading spirit in its relentless campaign against the New York milk distributors and their political henchmen in the late 1850's—with outstanding success, be it noted.

Perhaps the most famous journalistic crusade against corruption and vice, however, was that of *Harper's Weekly,* under the editorship of George William Curtis and spearheaded by the bitterly satirical cartoons of Thomas Nast, against Tammany Hall and the noisome Tweed Ring in the early 1870's. This campaign was so effective that it spelled the destruction of this regime of political spoilsters and the imprisonment or flight of its leaders. This crusade not only sent the circulation of *Harper's Weekly* to astronomical heights, but it also served to display the strength of a great magazine as a foe of entrenched greed and malfeasance in government.

Coming somewhat later, but actuated by the same concern for the public welfare, were the famed "Muckrakers," of whom Samuel S. McClure was the prime mover. The passage of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act in 1890 not only was a reflection of mounting indignation against ruthless monopolies, but also acted as a stimulus to further investigation and exposure of the "malefactors of great wealth." *McClure's Magazine* rode the crest of this wave in its spectacular fight for economic, social, and political reform in American life at the turn of the century. The influence of the magazine was such that William Allen White described McClure as one of the ten most important men in the United States.

Most famous of the "muckrakers" whose articles appeared in *McClure's* were Ida M. Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens, and Ray Stannard Baker.

These *McClure's* muckrakers were capable and honest investigators, of

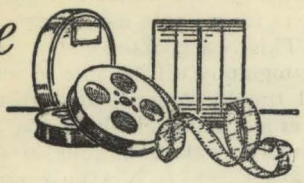
great journalistic ability, who had the gift of making dramatic and damning the material they uncovered and wrote into their brilliant exposés. Strictly truthful in their reporting, they were indignant and outraged at what they saw, and so skillful in arranging and proportioning their facts as to make flagrant abuses manifest. A reformer's zeal motivated and fired their work. . . .

Tarbell, Steffens, Baker, and their peers were firm believers in the democratic system of government, in free American industrial and business enterprise. They desired not to change the system but to see that the system functioned cleanly and fairly.

In next month's issue we shall continue this summary of *Magazines in the United States,* with a discussion of the leading contemporary journals and sketches of some of the great figures of the magazine world.

The world is suffering now because of the betrayal of Christianity by the church. We can understand the present world situation only in terms of judgment upon our violation of the moral and spiritual law. The church must prepare herself for the crisis by seeking a deeper insight into her faith and by developing a much stronger spirit of fellowship.

JOHN A. MACKAY

The  *Motion Picture*

THE CRESSET *evaluates one of the world's most powerful forces*

LAST summer hundreds of thousands of free American citizens read and talked about the late George Orwell's arresting novel, *Nineteen-Eighty-Four.* Some of these thousands were repelled by Mr. Orwell's terrifying pictures of a way of life in which every decent instinct and every noble impulse had been crushed or cruelly perverted. Many were shocked, pained, and a little frightened. Everyone, I am sure, found comfort and reassurance in saying, "Yes, but this is just fiction! This is pure fantasy!"

No such yes-but reflections will soften the impact of a book published a few months ago. *The Country of the Blind: The Soviet System of Mind Control* (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 1949. 378 pages. $4.00) is not fiction. It may seem fantastic to a free American, but it is not fantasy. This is a sober, serious, factual study made by two qualified authorities on Russian affairs. George Counts and Nucia Lodge, members of the faculty of Columbia Teachers' College, have made exhaustive studies of the Soviet system. In the prologue to their book they say:

> The materials presented in this volume are published for the purpose of helping the free peoples of the free world to understand the Soviet Union. They tell the story in authentic detail of the operation of the Soviet system of mind control. No one who is unfamiliar with the reach and the power of this system can pretend to an understanding of that strange land whose spokesmen are fond of calling it "the first worker's republic in history."

How great are the reach and the power of the Soviet system of mind control? Mr. Counts and Mrs. Lodge show us how literature, drama, music, science, and education are deliberately used as weapons in the Soviet Union.

In the late summer of 1946 the Central Committee of the All-Union Communist Party issued a series of resolutions. These reso-

lutions pointed a critical and rebuking finger at Soviet writers, playwrights, motion-picture directors, musicians, composers, scientists, and educators. Everyone connected with any phase of the arts and sciences was roundly "told off." Please bear in mind that in Sovietland it is no trifling matter to come under the baleful scrutiny of the all-powerful Central Committee.

The attack on the motion picture began with the harsh condemnation of the film, *Bolshoi Zhizn.* It continued until the entire field of cinematography had been inspected and reviewed. No one in the industry escaped, and no one, great or small, refused to eat crow. Even Sergei Eisenstein, a man who had won worldwide fame as a director and as a pioneer in cinematography, humbly accepted the Central Committee's pronouncement that his film, *Ivan the Terrible,* "clearly violated" the party line.

Eisenstein's "confession of error" is abject. To me it is more frightening than any part of Mr. Orwell's fantasy. Eisenstein declared:

> We must master the Lenin-Stalin method of perceiving reality and history so completely and profoundly that we shall be able to overcome all remnants and survivals of former ideas, which, though long banished from consciousness, strive stubbornly and cunningly to steal into our works whenever our creative vigilance relaxes for a single moment.
>
> This is a guarantee that our cinematography will be able to surmount all the ideological and artistic failures and mistakes which, like a heavy load, have lain on our art in the postwar era. It is a guarantee, too, that in the immediate future our cinematography will again begin to create pictures of high quality, ideologically and artistically worthy of the Stalinist epoch.

All this because in *Ivan the Terrible* Eisenstein dared depict Ivan and his bloody reign in the light of recorded history. The authors of *The Country of the Blind* report:

> Although Eisenstein died what was reported to be a natural death in the spring of 1948, he seems never to have recovered spiritually from the attack of the Central Committee. He has followed in the footsteps of his great companions in art: the producer Meyerholdt, the critic Voronsky, the dramatist Tretiakov, the editor Gronsky, the novelist Pilnyak, the theatrical director Tairov, and many others. The circumstances surrounding the disappearance of some of these giants of the pen and the stage are still shrouded in mystery.

A special All-Union conference of motion-picture workers was held in Moscow for the purpose of formulating a collective reply to the charges made by the Central Committee. Since in the Soviet

Union it is customary to address memorials of any kind to Stalin, the memorial of the motion-picture industry begins "Dear Joseph Vissarionovich." Here are the concluding paragraphs:

> We will do everything possible to create films worthy of the great Stalinist epoch, films praising the might of our socialist Motherland and glorifying the remarkable Soviet people who victoriously concluded the Great Patriotic War and who are now heroically fulfilling the provisions of the new Stalinist five year plan.
>
> With firm confidence in the correctness of the paths to the further development of Soviet cinematography, pointed out to us by the Central Committee of the All-Union Communist Party, and by you, personally, we are launching upon our work in a new way.

One need only remember that similar memorials came to Stalin from every branch of Soviet culture to realize that the Politburo has indeed forged a fearful weapon—a weapon which has been, and will be, used against the people of the U.S.S.R. and against the world.

In recent months several anti-Communist films have been seen in our theaters. Unfortunately, the propaganda value of these pictures has been weakened by stock melodramatics and stock characterizations. Because of a lame plot and diffuse dialogue the message which *The Red Danube* (M-G-M) is meant to convey loses the force it might have had. Ethel Barrymore, Walter Pidgeon, and Louis Calhern are excellent in difficult roles. Mr. Calhern's fine acting makes of the implacable Russian colonel a thoroughly believable character. It does more than that. By comparison it makes our British friends seem like a bumbling and inefficient lot. Is this accident or design? Some of the scenes in *The Red Danube* are unbearably painful. They are founded on facts. The plight of Europe's displaced persons and prisoners of war cannot be exaggerated.

Europe provides the setting for several other pictures on my list. The widely publicized *Prince of Foxes* (20th Century-Fox, Henry King) takes us back to fifteenth-century Italy. A high-priced cast spent months in Italy making this film, and no expense or trouble was spared in creating an authentic background for Samuel Shellabarger's so-called "historical" novel. Pictorially the film is magnificent. Historically it is strictly from Hollywood. The acting is poor. Tyrone Power exhibits his pretty legs. Orson Welles displays a plunging neckline, and Wanda Hendrix is as lifeless—and as pretty—as a china doll. Incidentally, Mr. Welles's acting in the role of Cesare Borgia won for him the Worst Actor of the Year Award

from the San Francisco Drama Critic's Council.

Next we go to France—to the France of the Napoleonic Era. *The Inspector General* (Warners, Henry Koester) presents a technicolor farce which bears a remote resemblance to Nikolai Gogol's classic comedy. The fun begins when dishonest village officials mistakenly believe that a simple-minded assistant to a medicine-show operator is the great Napoleon's much feared Inspector General. Danny Kaye plays the role for all it is worth—and just a little more. There is always too much Danny in all the Kaye pictures. This film is sheer nonsense, of course—but a lot of fun.

We leave Europe now and journey to Bagdad. We shall stop at this colorful spot only long enough to report that *Bagdad* (Universal-International) is just another complicated and unconvincing story of intrigue.

In the movies it is just one short hop from intrigue in Bagdad to intrigue in Malaya. The plot for *Malaya* (M-G-M) is said to have some foundation in fact. That may be true. But what comes out of the Hollywood hopper is stereotyped melodrama.

On the Town (M-G-M, Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen) is a delightful musical film. Leonard Bernstein's score is excellent. Superb dancing, engaging comedy, and fine acting make this outstanding entertainment.

I cannot say as much about *Dancing in the Dark* (20th Century-Fox). This is a thin tale about backstage goings-on. William Powell's polished performance affords a few bright spots in an otherwise dull show.

Oh, You Beautiful Doll (20th Century-Fox, George Jessel) is another in a long list of so-called "biographies" of Tin Pan Alley songsmiths. This, we are asked to believe, is the life story of the veteran song writer Fred Fisher. As usual, it is almost entirely fictional—and very dull fiction, at that.

East Side, West Side (M-G-M, Mervyn Le Roy) presents a watered-down version of Marcia Davenport's popular novel about New York's glittering café society. This is a brittle, highly polished, sometimes nauseating concoction. Barbara Stanwyck heads the impressive cast whose talents are wasted in this picture. Miss Stanwyck stars, too, in *Thelma Jordan* (Paramount), another sordid domestic-triangle tale. Can anyone get satisfaction or pleasure out of these cheap, artificial films? I doubt it.

The Reckless Moment (Columbia) falls into the same category. This lurid fabrication raises one's dissatisfaction with Hollywood to the boiling-point.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Sir:

On page 65 of your current issue appears a review of my recent book *Again the Goose Step*. It is not my custom to reply to reviews, but this one makes such a fundamental point that I feel constrained to set the critic to rights.

The critic assumes, from my failure to discuss "the church as an instrument of moral and spiritual rehabilitation," that I either consider the German churches to be powerless or dead, or that I myself have "no confidence in the regenerative powers of the Christian faith."

I deliberately avoided discussion of the German churches because I desired to avoid obscuring my message by precipitating an inevitable controversy over religious matters. Actually, I did not find the churches dead or powerless. I did find them, so far as I was able to observe, generally dominated by men whose attitude was not Christian as I understand the term, and I also found, even in the congregations, a spirit of hatred toward members of the occupation personnel which I considered definitely un-Christian.

DELBERT CLARK

The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

WE SHALL present next month the second of two articles by Dr. Richard J. Kroner, adjunct professor of the philosophy of religion at Union Theological Seminary, on "The Religious Imagination."

Our second feature article is one which we believe will prove unusually interesting. It is a translation of an old English poem, *The Dream of the Cross.* The translator, Theodore J. Kleinhans, is a fourth-year student at Concordia Theological Seminary who has specialized in Old English. The poem is particularly appropriate for the Easter season.

We hope that the rearrangement of of our book reviews meets with the approval of our readers. Our problem was how to include a wide range of books without making THE CRESSET topheavy with reviews. The solution seems to be a more compact section with shorter reviews. The editors have no passion one way or the other as to form and length of reviews and if our readers wish, we can always return to the old arrangement.

It may be of interest to some of our readers to know that we are planning, within a few months, to begin publishing better-quality prose fiction. Because of space limitations and because of the large amount of copy that we receive every month, we hesitate to solicit manuscripts. However, if any reader has a story that he feels needs to be laid before a waiting world, we should be very happy to consider it. No publication sends kinder rejection slips than ours.

The editors of THE CRESSET note with regret the death of Dr. Martin S. Sommer, for many years the colleague of our associate, Dr. Graebner, in the editorship of *The Lutheran Witness.* Professor Sommer's life was a long and busy and fruitful one and we are sure that his latest years were made happy by the realization that the paper to which he had given so many years of his life has passed into the hands of younger men who know and understand its purpose and function. Dr. Sommer was a good man. We look forward to seeing him again in a few years.